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IN THE SHADOW OF WAR.

IN the present state of flutter about war it is not surprising that a threatening article in the *Berlin Post* should have been made the occasion of a new panic which culminated, as far as the London Stock Exchange is concerned, in the heavy fall of prices on Thursday. But it is very significant of the intensity of the said flutter that so few people should have remembered—even the *Temps*, the most reasonable of the French newspapers of the day, does not seem to have thought of it at once—that it is the evident cue of German Government newspapers at the present moment to take the alarmist tone pending the elections to the Reichstag. The true state of the present and the reasonable anticipations of the future remain very much as they were, or show a slight advance in the same direction as last week—that is to say, there is a little less sign of danger in the East, a little more in the West, the increase in each case being not necessarily very significant. The reported arrival of Russia and Austria at an agreement in regard to the Bulgarian question has nothing improbable about it, and would fit in very well with the expressions used by Ministers both through the medium of the *QUEEN'S Speech* and in explaining that document. If it turns out to be true, it is not probable that what is called a recognition by Austria of Russia's Bulgarian protectorate will be found to be included in it; and if such a recognition were made, it would be the first step towards the dissolution of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy. But it is very probable that, with the assent of the Bulgarians, something or other will be done which may have the appearance of a sop to Russian vanity and may suffice to stave off the difficulty. That it can only be staved off all persons acquainted with the question know well, and those who do not know may consult Mr. MINCHIN's recent book on the subject. It may be remarked, in passing, that a certain well-known Russian lady politician has described Mr. MINCHIN as "an arch-Jingo." When it is observed that Mr. MINCHIN is a friend and admirer of the well-known "Ragusa Correspondent," an ardent Slavophil, and a firm believer in bag-and-baggageism, the accuracy of this description may be gauged without further trouble. Ladies have large license of statement, political ladies still larger, Russian political ladies the largest of all. But it may be thought that on this occasion the person in question has a little exceeded even her extensive limits.

But it is well known that the hearth where the flames of panic are kindled is not that which smoulders in the Balkan peninsula. Nor is there any immediate chance of burning questions in Egypt, despite the constant intriguing of French officials, the unwise and only partially intelligible action of the Porte, and the patriotic conduct of some English Radicals. It is on France and Germany that all eyes are fixed, and here, too, all reasonable folk know that postponement is the most that can be hoped for. So long as Germany holds Alsace-Lorraine, or at least Lorraine, the peace of Europe is at best like human life in the famous and comfortable epigram, condemned to death with successive respites of indefinite length. How long the current term of these *sursis indéfinis* will last nobody knows, least of all the persons who announce with such confidence that it is on the point of expiring. The most uncomfortable sign of all is that the recent language of Prince BISMARCK, and the talk about barracks and horses, repeating rifles and explosives that, like faith, will remove mountains, appear to be gradually

producing in France the impression that her secular enemy is afraid of her. There could be nothing more fatal to peace than that this impression should really gain ground. The French nation understands the genuine as little as some of its sons appear to have understood the ironical sentiment of Mr. GILBERT's sea-song, and is by no means to be deterred from hitting a foe because that foe feels weak and is afraid of being hit. Still, the punishment received in the last war was so tremendous, and the vague apprehension of still more terrible losses in the next is so deterring, that the public spirit of France is probably still a long way off positive bellicosity. It is sometimes forgotten by those who are suddenly waking up to the enormous defensive and offensive preparations of France that the real effect of at least the defensive side of these preparations is still very dubious. On paper, for instance, Paris is believed to be simply impregnable—a space as large as the largest English county, except Yorkshire, being inviolably fortified, and at once providing a circumference almost impossible for the enemy to blockade, and an interior surface almost, if not quite, enough, with reasonably well-stocked magazines, to supply food for the garrison indefinitely. In the same way the passes of the South-East and Centre, even the comparatively flat approaches of the Belgian frontier, are locked and doublelocked by chains and clusters of fortresses. All this is very true and has been known for years. But the more complicated the system of defence the greater the danger arising from incompetence, from neglect, or from that simple and almost inexplicable bad luck the chance of which increases with every complication. The present frontier of France may be as strong as the castle of Lord WEARIE in the ballad, but there is always the risk of the "little shot-window" left open, if not of the "fause nourice" to let the dreaded LAMMIKIN in. The French know this well, and, as they are essentially a nervous people, it is likely to have a good effect on them. The effect could only be neutralized by a real conviction that Germany is more afraid of them than they are of Germany, in which case there would be danger indeed, and not to Germany alone. The writer of the anonymous articles on Foreign Policy in the *Fortnightly Review* (articles which well deserve reading, not on account of the gossip about their authorship or of their supposed private information, but because they show a thorough knowledge and comprehension of the facts and of the history of the facts) has done well to point out on how large a number of points France is in what may be called a contact of irritation with England. And he might have added, first, that, though it is difficult to say which would be the more foolish to quarrel with the other, there is nothing that would give the two other greatest Powers of Europe greater delight than to bring about such a quarrel; and, secondly, that those two Powers are by no means destitute of the means whereby to provoke such a result.

But it is, of course, not war between France and England, but war between France and Germany, which is at present in question. The writer in the *Fortnightly Review* is, no doubt, correct in reminding his readers that Southern France furnishes a very large proportion of French public men, and that the Meridional uses as his ordinary forms of speech words which in the mouth of an Englishman, or even a Northern Frenchman, would be reasonably taken as expressing the most ferocious intentions, but which from him mean as nearly as possible nothing. This is quite true. But when there are real causes of quarrel in dependence, and when almost incalculable forces may be set at work by

the mischief or the folly of individuals, these interesting fashions of speech acquire not a little importance. Comparatively few great wars have ever arisen from deliberate intention. Two nations, with or without reason, dislike each other; they furnish themselves (as Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL says) with very sharp swords; and then they stand opposite to each other half-drawing the swords out, or at least fingering their hilts. This is exactly what Germany and France are doing at the present moment. It is easy to say, and it may very likely prove to be the case, that after a time the hands will leave off fidgeting with the swords, the swords will remain comfortably protected from the dew in their scabbards, and the two nations will set about some more useful occupation. Perhaps they may. But everybody knows that a different termination of the incident is possible, and as long as the knowledge lasts it is practically impossible that tranquillity should revisit the European mind, or that any one (except Lord RANDOLPH, who is perhaps going abroad to investigate matters for himself) should feel comfortable without looking to see that his sword is as sharp as his neighbour's in case of accident.

PROCEDURE.

THE Standing Orders of the House of Commons are as ill suited to external criticism as the analogous Rules which are framed by the Judges under the provisions of the Judicature Act. Only those present or former members who have acquired a certain amount of Parliamentary experience can judge of the probable efficacy of changes in procedure, and it is impossible to make the details of the subject interesting to ordinary critics of public affairs. It is notorious that the existing code has been rendered inoperative or mischievous, sometimes without deliberate intention, and of late for purposes of deliberate obstruction. Garrulity, want of tact, and desire of personal display have in modern times caused an amount of inconvenience which had been unknown in the days when debate was almost exclusively conducted by a few party leaders. Successive extensions of the franchise have enormously increased the number of members who either think themselves capable of contributing useful information or perhaps wish to call the attention of their constituents to their activity and zeal. The impediments to the transaction of business which have consequently arisen have been partially mitigated by changes in the Rules, and especially by the abolition of speeches on the presentation of petitions. The system might have been further improved in detail, and the inconvenience which remained might long have been tolerated, but for the formation of a conspiracy against freedom of debate which has for some years injuriously affected the character and the efficiency of the House of Commons. It is not surprising that rules of procedure which had been framed for the governance of an assembly of loyal gentlemen should furnish opportunities for wilful violations of their own spirit and purport. Every social and political organization assumes the good faith of those by whom it is to be administered. The allowance of unlimited license of debate was only made tolerable by a general understanding that freedom of speech should not be wilfully abused.

It remains to be seen whether the evil can be abated by legislation. Mr. GLADSTONE has already devoted his ingenuity to the task of preventing or diminishing irregularities and waste of time. He devoted a separate Session to the reformation of procedure, and his sincerity might have been taken for granted, because his own Government was at the time the principal victim of the promoters of disturbance. He could not resist the temptation of embarrassing the regular Opposition rather than of correcting the extravagance of the Irish Nationalists. His labours were consequently almost entirely wasted, and perhaps no rival reformer would have been more successful. Lord HARTINGTON's Committee of last year employed itself in covering the weak points which had been disclosed in the previous experiment. The present Government has in substance adopted the suggestions of the Committee, and probably the scheme which has been published will after some delay be sanctioned by the House. The question on which there will be the greatest difference of opinion is the closure, which has proved under the present Rules to be almost impracticable. The present proposal cannot be said to err on the side of rashness or excess if the principle is admitted. Two hundred members, or, if the minority is not

more than forty, one hundred and one members, must vote for the closure before the debate can be cut short. Many cases may be imagined in which a majority might make an unfair use of its powers, but there is a preponderance of opinion in favour of some contrivance for ending prolonged debates. Time will show whether a majority which would necessarily be able to decide the main question would think it worth while to weaken the moral effect of a certain victory by snatching it prematurely.

The danger which will be apprehended by the opponents of the closure is remote, but not altogether imaginary. The Republican party in the American House of Representatives, of which the Rules have lately been recommended for imitation by the House of Commons, at one time almost entirely reduced to silence their Democratic opponents. A process of moving the previous question, which has a somewhat different meaning from the English phrase, enabled Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS, the chief manager of the Republican machinery, to prevent his adversaries from speaking. At that time the Democrats in the House were but a scanty remnant. No such attempt has been recently made, because the two great parties are almost equally balanced, with a small Democratic majority. If similar tyranny were exercised in the House of Commons, the sufferers might console themselves by the reflection that the majority which could abuse the right of closure would be strong enough to introduce the practice, if it had not before been recognized in the Standing Orders. It is not worth while to discuss the expediency of the closure, inasmuch as it has, though not precisely in the same form, been approved by both the great parties. During the former discussions on procedure, Mr. GLADSTONE, who was then confident that he had secured a permanent majority, inclined to stringent measures for the limitation of debate. The present proposal of the Government can scarcely fail to obtain his support, and the Conservatives will, perhaps with some reluctance, acquiesce in the decision of the Ministers.

The same remark applies to the maintenance and extension of the system of Grand Committees. In addition to Mr. GLADSTONE's Committees on law and on trade, a third is to be appointed to consider measures relating to agriculture. The Government probably hopes to satisfy the supposed demands of the landowners and the farmers. Some of their representatives have from time to time complained that no official department was specially charged with the examination and redress of their grievances. In default of a Minister of Agriculture, a Grand Committee may perhaps afford them a certain amount of satisfaction; but the functions of the new tribunal are as yet but vaguely defined. The so-called system of devolution is still on its trial. A Select Committee of more moderate dimensions had all the qualifications for inquiry of the Grand Committee. It remains to be seen whether the House of Commons will habitually defer to the recommendation of the more numerous body. The experiment has hitherto been successful in only one instance; for the present law of bankruptcy may be regarded as its solitary achievement. Where party considerations affect the judgment of the members, the decisions of a Grand Committee will not necessarily command the assent of the House. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, representing the Government in Lord HARTINGTON's Committee, proposed that the Estimates and all public Bills should be first referred to a Committee; but the present Government has not at present adopted his suggestion. All the questions of procedure which are raised by the Ministerial scheme may, subject to one or two exceptions, be discussed without undue excitement or strong party feeling. Only those parts of the measure which are designed to prevent obstruction will provoke the angry opposition of the wrongdoers against whom the new legislation is mainly directed. The House of Commons may perhaps take the opportunity of ascertaining whether it is absolutely bound to submit to an organized minority. If the advocates of disorder are defeated in the preliminary contest on Standing Orders, some encouragement will be offered to the English and Scotch opponents of Home Rule.

One of the changes proposed by the Government will be acceptable to the Irish Nationalists. The change in the hours of sitting will be convenient to members who, having no occupation outside the walls of Parliament, almost live in the House. Men of business, and many of those who have only social business, will be unwilling to anticipate the present time of meeting. As Lord HARTINGTON's Committee thought that business might conveniently begin at three o'clock, the Government may perhaps waive their

austere proposal of meeting at two. The adjournment for dinner will not be an unmixed advantage. There is some convenience in providing obscure and unpopular speakers with an opportunity of expressing their opinions at a time when they inflict the least practicable annoyance on their impatient colleagues. It is also thought that, when the sitting has been suspended for an hour and a half, there will be some additional risk of failure at a later hour to make a quorum. If the new arrangement of hours fails on trial, it will not be difficult in this respect to recur to the practice which has hitherto existed. On the whole, the Ministerial scheme seems to be thought by those who are qualified to judge both effective and moderate. No reasonable objection can be urged against those parts of the measure which diminish the number of stages through which legislation has to pass. Still more vigorous precautions might be recommended against the abuse of the right of catechizing the Ministers. The mischief is not confined to waste of time, for many questions involve statements which are often inaccurate and not unfrequently unseasonable. On the whole, the proposals will probably commend themselves to the House. Any mistakes which may be made will admit of future correction.

PINCH AND PAY.

THE conduct of Ministers towards the forces is a very apt illustration of our methods of government. To judge from Lord GEORGE HAMILTON'S speech on Tuesday, the Cabinet is perfectly well aware of the folly of dawdling over work, and of the extravagance of cutting down to-day at the risk of having to add on to-morrow in a hurry and at famine prices. Nothing can well have been sounder than his theories. Unfortunately they are only to be applied at the best to a part of the naval or semi-naval armaments, and it is tolerably clear that even this amount of wisdom is possible only because the outlay of the Admiralty was forced by public outcry on the other side when it was in power. Even with this support the FIRST LORD of the ADMIRALTY has to conciliate opposition by promising future reductions. In the meantime the policy of clipping and paring to please the Treasury is being carried out on the army. There has been no denial, but rather a confirmation, of the intention to reduce the strength of the artillery. Lord HARRIS, who shows a sportsmanlike capacity for playing his present game according to the rules, has explained to the House of Lords that the word reduction is too coarse a name for what is being done. The wise Minister calls this sort of thing conversion, and may observe while he is upon this point that it has only been done "because in our scheme" of mobilization it was found that the Royal Horse Artillery was in excess of the proportion with regard "to the other branches of the service." This is Ministerial indeed, and deserves the compliments of all who like to see Parliamentary whist played strictly according to the rules. So was the soothing assurance that as a set-off to an "actual reduction" of twenty-eight guns in the artillery, the Volunteers are about to receive eighty-four pieces to practise withal. Everybody must feel that a reduction which may be dismissed as actual is amply compensated by the strengthening of the Volunteers. A Minister who plays his cards according to the books was, of course, careful not to say that the Royal Horse Artillery is in the first line and therefore likely to be needed first; that the Volunteers, by the very nature of the force, are not to be called on except as a last resort; that they are wholly destitute of the organization needed to fit them for the field; that they have no horses, or that any they may get would assuredly be drafted for the army in the field. Such matters of detail he passed over in a masterly manner.

There is no doubt that the giving of field-guns to the Volunteers is in itself an excellent measure. Up to the present that part of our forces has been so treated as to make it a very decent imitation of a farce. If it has not been wholly that, the reason is to be found in the zeal of the men, who have learned more and worked more than the War Office had any right to expect. But this first serious step towards making it really efficient is counterbalanced by the weakening of the Royal Horse Artillery. The reduction in this arm, which is at once "an actual reduction" and a mere conversion, will, on Lord HARRIS'S own showing, cost the first line of our land forces twenty-eight guns. Stated in more detail, what it will do is this. Not only will there be an actual decrease in the number of guns—

twenty-eight according to Lord HARRIS, and twenty-two according to other authorities—but several "tactical units" will be destroyed. Five batteries will be completely wiped out. Further, whatever conversion there is to be will not give us one fighting force for another. The field artillery will be weakened as well as the horse. Even if this were not so it must be remembered that the former cannot do much of the necessary work which falls to the latter of these branches of the artillery, and particularly cannot attain to the same rapidity of movement. What Lord HARRIS probably referred to as a conversion was the scheme according to which the field artillery of the Second Army Reserve is to be utilized in time of war as transport. Here is conversion with a vengeance—conversion from combatant to non-combatant. On the principles which justify this kind of manipulation of the artillery, our outlay for cartridges might be reduced in order to supply the canteens with Dundee marmalade, and the service would not suffer. This reorganization (a word nearly as useful as conversion) is in its way an excellent example of the expedients needed to make both ends meet in the British army. Hitherto the transport has been little better than a figure of speech. Now we shall have something to fall back on in case of need—nothing very efficient or ready, but still something—and it will be got by a reduction of our total fighting force. It is the exact counterpart of the conversion by which guns are given to the Volunteers at the expense of the Royal Horse Artillery. This is the system of *virements* taken from finance and applied to military administration. You deduct from the Royal Horse Artillery to add to the Volunteers, and then you deduct from them for the sake of the transport. At the end, there is a very sensible reduction in one of the most necessary branches of the service; and, as a set-off, what the country gets is an artillery reserve which will be used as transport in time of war. It is a very problematical gain to compensate for an undoubted loss. This is conversion in the sense that the disbanding of the whole artillery would be a conversion of them into candidates for a day's work at the docks. The abolition of twenty-four lieutenant-colonelcies, which is a part of the scheme of reduction, will be a serious misfortune to the officers of the corps. It is an illustration of the extent to which our army is over-officered that the number of guns and lieutenant-colonelcies reduced is about the same. In the present confused state of our complicated forces some better means might surely have been found for getting rid of our plethora of officers than turning a number of them adrift just when they have attained the use and experience needed to qualify them for important commands.

It needs no particular sagacity to discover whom we have to thank for this. The War Office may safely be held guiltless, and the Treasury be credited with all the merit due to the measure. This rolling of the Royal Horse Artillery, the Volunteer Artillery, and the transport together is just one more example of the process of reasoning (the word is used out of the abundance of our politeness) by which the Treasury persuades itself that the longer a ship is in building the better. The consequences of this kind of business management as regards the Admiralty were excellently stated by Lord GEORGE HAMILTON. He put the reasons for our continual waste in shipbuilding into a nutshell. "If," he said, "a shipbuilder gets an order to build a ship, the first thing he does is to put the maximum amount of labour which can be absorbed upon the work, thereby consuming the maximum amount of material in the shortest time." In fact, he goes on the very simple rule that it is cheaper to employ a hundred men for ten days than ten men for a hundred days, if only because you have ninety days more use of your material and plant. It is the reverse of the method dear to the Treasury. How the difference of system works out financially is shown in the case of the *Trafalgar*, "in which 1,232 tons were worked into the ship in thirty-four weeks at an average cost of labour per ton of 16*l.* 13*s.*, while, in the case of the *Camperdown*, into which 1,232 tons weight was worked in fifty-five weeks, the average cost of labour per ton has been 25*l.* 1*s.*" The Treasury has always preferred the course taken with the *Camperdown* because in any given week less seems to be spent. That until the ship is built the money outlaid on her is as good as buried, that until a thing can be used anything spent for it is lying unproductive, are considerations which do not affect that businesslike department. The Budget can be got to look well by dint of waste of this kind, and that is enough. The reduction in the artillery is another

instance of the "Camperdown system" of economy. An immediate diminution of expense will be gained, at the certain risk of lavish outlay at a pinch some time hence. It is the story of the reductions of 1869 on a smaller scale, and probably the wild panic and frantic outlay of 1870-71 will come in due course. In the meantime we, unless our *locus penitentiae* is used to good purpose, shall once more adhere to our historic tradition of never being ready, according to the statesmanlike advice of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. We have exuberant resources of men who could fight if they had been properly trained, of guns for which the metal is not yet molten, of sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal which would combine into gunpowder, but are still at large, of ships which are not on the stocks, and of machinery which is not cast. With these we may defy creation—to show plunder better worth looting and watchmen less prepared to defend the caravan. That also is an historic tradition. This country has always combined an astounding stupidity in its administration with an unrivalled faculty for getting on. It has made its way hitherto with very little help from its Chancellors of the Exchequer and such great persons. It will doubtless have to do so in future.

À LA SAINT-VICTOR.

DIFFERENT literary men have different methods of composition. M. THÉOPHILE GAUTHIER, like the poet of Society, could "reel it off for hours together." But he was so bored by the daily round, the common task, that he used three inks—red, black, and blue—promising himself a little treat, and saying, "Now, when you have finished this page, you shall have a turn at the red ink." He added, "That helps me to cheat the tedium of putting black on white for ever." M. PAUL DE SAINT-VICTOR, on the other hand, at least according to M. ALIDOR DELZANT, wrote in a very odd way. He did not reel it off. When he had to "do" a new play he collected, very properly, all the books bearing on the subject. Then he took a sheet of paper and threw on to that phrases and "mots-images," separated by spaces of blank. Then into these blanks he introduced other words that seemed necessary for the harmony of the sentence, and finally he packed it all up in his article and went to press.

This is such a novel way of writing an essay that we have determined to try how it works. Let us suppose that the subject is the play of *Dandy Dick* at the Court. The first duty is negative—namely, to say as little as may be about the play. The play is *not* the thing in the criticisms of M. PAUL DE SAINT-VICTOR, which, therefore, have no mere temporary interest, but bear republication in *Hommes et Dieux* or *Anciens et Modernes*.

With these explanations let us start. There is a horse in the play. The critic will therefore write about the Horse—about anything rather than *Dandy Dick*. He now takes a sheet of paper, and puts down *mots-images*. If the result reminds any one of the conversation of Mr. JINGLE, that is not our fault.

The Horse. . . . Noble animal. . . . Man the proudest conquest of the Horse (Buffon). . . . Horse in Aryan sculptures. . . . Neck clothed in Thunder. . . . White Horses of Rhesus. . . . Lightning. . . . Horse of Achilles speaks. . . . Ass of Balaam. . . . Semitic and Aryan genius. . . . Donkey and Horse, not to be yoked together. . . . Modern spirit yokes them. . . . No donkeys in Elgin Marbles. . . . Beautiful Young Men. . . . Shakespeare, *Gollop opace yee four-y-footed steeds*. . . . Horse aristocratic. . . . Donkey not. . . . The Count and the Costermonger. . . . France and England. . . . Conclusion.

This preliminary canter being over, the author writes in a few words full of melody and charm, say "amaranthine," "iridescent," "magnanimous," "Mesopotamia," "epical," "lyrical," and the like. Then he fastens up his parcel, and we have the *feuilleton*, which follows, rather shortened.

DANDY DICK.

Even in the dusty and flaring precincts of a theatre of the Boulevard how proudly, how chivalrously rings that old Aryan word, *horse*. Our far-off ancestors, in the sultry table-land of Frangipani, already called him "a noble animal." Before this haughty quadruped man has bowed himself, and Buffon was inspired when he wrote that Man is the proudest conquest of the horse. History rings with his neighing and echoes with the clamour of his flying feet. His neck is clothed in thunder, in *tonitru vocatæ cervicis*; and all the empty spaces of the past resound with the din that Ennius knew,

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.

Whosoever he canters he carries conquest and conquerors. The carven portals of Assyria knew his triumph; Mesopotamia wakes one hour from her secular beatitude, and fain would stake her staters on him at starting price. Through the midnight of the Iliad, when men are asleep, the white horses of Rhesus pass like lightning through the thunder cloud. The

gods deign to love in the equestrian guise, and from the gods are sprung the horses of Achilles, Xanthus, and Balius, "from Eld and Death exempted." In Homer the proud beast even speaks, *et même il parle bien*, but the Erinyes gag his utterance. Greece adored the limit, knew where to draw the line. Among the tamer Semites the horse is hardly known, and the Princes ride on Assees. To the prophet it was no wind-footed horse, but an Ass that spoke, nor did the Erinyes balk him of its utterance. The Horse, the Ass! They are the children of Japhet, *gens audax Japeti*, and, on the other hand, the plodding sons of Shem, who, less audacious, mount the donkey. The Legislator forbade the yoking together of horse and ass; but the modern spirit would unite, in an incongruous team, the Semite genius and the Aryan. Vain endeavour! Ahab fell from his horse-drawn chariot; the Jew is no sportsman. In the illustrious work of Phidias there are no asses, his beautiful ephēbi dominate such chargers as pranced through William's dreams when he wrote *Gollop opace yee four-y-footed steeds*. The Horse is an aristocrat, the knight was disgraced who drove in a cart, like Launcelot, instead of striding the saddle. France is the knight; England is the Gig-man, the dog-cart man. They cannot understand each other. We are the Count, they are the Costermonger.

The system seems, at all events, an easy system. But, in spite of his method, if it really was his method, and in spite of his extraordinary way of spelling English, M. PAUL DE SAINT-VICTOR was a most distinguished and original writer, and we are delighted to hear that M. ALIDOR DELZANT means to republish more of his *feuilletons*.

SPEECHES AND SPEAKERS.

THE omnibus debate at the beginning of a Session is almost always, nowadays, a pain and grief to the earnest souls who wish to get to business, but who do not count business as the modern Radical does; and it can very seldom be said to do much good of any kind. But it is sometimes, and especially when Parliament as well as the Session is young, not infertile in discoveries to the student of men and Parliaments, giving the same opportunity as is furnished to the knowing by the insertion of a skewer into a fitch of bacon or of a stick into a bed of prepared garden mould. Especially is this the case now, when modesty is not considered incumbent on new members and when they make haste to display such charms as they possess. Monday and Tuesday were specially fertile in this respect, and when Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's speech and the replies it called forth are added to these *primeurs*, the two nights may be said to have been, on the whole, as fairly fruitful of what may pass in these sad times for edification as any one can reasonably demand or desire, and certainly to have contrasted agreeably with the dead flatness of Wednesday and Thursday.

In so far as Lord RANDOLPH is concerned, both the negative and positive aspects of his speech confirm the view both of his character and of his recent conduct which has been taken by most sensible men. The hope of some and the fear of others that he would go *remis atque velis* into the arms of Radicalism was never very well justified. In the first place, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has never been thought a fool either by friends or foes, and he is at least as likely as another to be aware of the truth of what has so often been urged here—the impolicy of carrying coals to Newcastle and leaders to the Gladstonian-Liberal party. In the second place, he is probably also aware that his special qualifications are not those of a Radical leader, who (as Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT knows to his cost), to be thoroughly popular, must be either desperately earnest or exceedingly stupid. His attacks on the Liberal Unionists, or rather his sneers at them, on Monday seem to have been as much misunderstood as the rest of his recent conduct. There is no doubt at all that the late Chancellor of the Exchequer is nothing if not a fighting leader. It is unlucky, no doubt, that he has no settled code of political principles to fight for, or (which is the same thing nearly) no considerable body of political knowledge to enable him to know what is worth fighting for. But it would seem, on the whole, that he is honestly determined to fight for something that is called or that he calls the Tory party, and not for anything else. Now, since the extension of the franchise, there is no doubt that a very large proportion of those who call themselves, and quite honestly call themselves, Tories are even more destitute than Lord RANDOLPH himself of a clear knowledge either of politics in general or of Tory principles in particular. They are, in fact, even as the Liberals, except that they have the good taste to see dimly that the recent record of Liberalism, or at least Gladstonianism, is a bad and detestable one, while the recent record of Toryism is, on the whole, creditable. Further, there is no doubt that this class of voter, who is very frequent in the larger towns, is capable of being dazzled by the retrenchment temptation, and is anything

but warmly convinced of the desirableness of working with Liberal Unionists. The power of names is a hackneyed theme enough; but there never was a better instance of it than the defeats of the Liberal Unionists at the last general election and the defeat of Mr. GOSCHEN at Liverpool the other day. That Lord RANDOLPH, seeing the effectual fashion in which Mr. GLADSTONE has for years played on the weakest side of his own followers, should think it well to follow Mr. GLADSTONE's practice may be a matter of regret; but that it is a fact his speech of Monday may be said, when taken in conjunction with his recent conduct, to make almost certain. And it is perfectly useless for any one to reproach him with inconsistency. In the first place, when did he pretend to be consistent? In the second, what does a nation which has allowed Mr. GLADSTONE to dominate it for the best part of twenty years care for consistency? Taking the most philosophic view of Lord RANDOLPH's whole conduct, he may be said to have taken for his motto "Why should the devil have all the 'most catching tunes in politics?'" Similar questions have often been asked; it is not at the moment necessary to discuss the answers which have been given. Lord HARTINGTON's remarkable address at Newcastle both confirms the view above taken and shows that Lord RANDOLPH has failed to irritate the Liberal Unionists. It should never be forgotten that to Lord RANDOLPH, as the "Young ASCANIUS" of the Tory party, Lord HARTINGTON is the most formidable of foes, and if the secrets of all hearts were to be revealed, it would probably be found that in the alliance with the Whig party, who distinctly strengthen Tories proper against Tory democrats, much more than in finance, or in Irish policy, or in anything else, is to be found the reason of Lord RANDOLPH's revolt. He has absolutely no reason to quarrel with Lord SALISBURY, as Lord SALISBURY, for the latter cannot enter the Lower House, and Lord RANDOLPH, except by his own good will, is exceedingly unlikely to enter the Upper. But there is a distinct danger to any views which Lord RANDOLPH may entertain in the accession of Lord HARTINGTON to or his coalition with the Tories, because it is quite certain that Lord HARTINGTON never will fall in with the Bolingbrokean courting of the people which Lord RANDOLPH affects. From which thing not only Lord RANDOLPH's speech and his announced departure, but all these tears—tears which may go far to be dried by Lord HARTINGTON's own encouraging remarks, not merely on the Unionist alliance, but on financial political questions generally.

The interest of the conflict between Lord RANDOLPH, Lord GEORGE HAMILTON (whose excellent speech has naturally received the compliment of Radical abuse pure and simple), Mr. CHAPLIN, and the rest, by no means overshadows the interest, though it may dwarf the importance, of the curious exhibitions of themselves made by different private members. It has generally been admitted that Mr. CURZON made an excellent maiden speech, and Mr. GRAHAM one that was certainly out of the common. Insults to the QUEEN are too frequent now to earn great distinction, though Mr. GRAHAM will doubtless reap his reward in the admiration of that gentlemanlike creature the modern Radical. A more novel and special attraction may be found in the singular profusion of carefully mixed metaphors which the honourable member had prepared and delivered, and which, duly seasoned with sarcasm, seem to promise a formidable rival to Sir WILFRID LAWSON. Sir WILFRID himself was to the fore, but it can hardly be said that his natural force has recovered its recent abatement. To say that the way to obtain peace is to do away with your army is surely but a school-boyish piece of buffoonery. There is no greater error than the not uncommon one of supposing that the merely absurd is, *ipso facto*, amusing. If, indeed, Sir WILFRID could introduce in matters international something like the supposed laws of Japanese duelling—if by doing away with our army he could oblige the other fellows to do away with their army, there might be some point in his remark. But even Sir WILFRID, in his highest state of aqueous glorification, will hardly argue that. His argument, as it stands, is too much of a piece with that other celebrated argument of his, that using discretion means making up your mind one way beforehand. We fear that Lord STREYNE's famous remark to "my poor WAGO," which has so often suggested itself of late in reference to Sir WILFRID, is once more in place.

The first rank, however, in the honours of the debate must be assigned to Mr. CONYBEARE, who, to the surprise and pleasure of the House, was really amusing. That a human being who has enjoyed a University education, and

mixed with his fellow-men for some thirty odd years, should arise, not in the tribune of some Continental Assembly, but on the floor of the House of Commons, and describe himself as being, in that respectable posture, "fully conscious of his 'responsibilities as a representative of the democracy of 'this country,' may seem incredible, but is true. And that Mr. CONYBEARE should thereafter gravely and plaintively ask "Why were the Tory party so angry with him?" must have communicated a new zest of laughter, even after the former deliverance, and even before Mr. CONYBEARE's obliging offer to act as personal conductor to Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH in a tour through Ireland. There is only one dark side to the brightness of this agreeable self-exhibition. Mr. CONYBEARE may rest assured that the Tory party is not angry with him at all; is, in fact, infinitely obliged to him for his picture of the kind of person who supplies Radical constituencies with members. But what is to be thought of the constituencies? of the electors who can choose, and choose again, a representative whose sole claims appear to be a happy mixture of gullibility and conceit, of faculty for tall talk and inability to see where tall talk glides into merely ludicrous self-exposure? Many people have at different times amused themselves with speculating what they would do "If I 'were dictator.'" But what would a sensible man do if he were the democracy by which Mr. CONYBEARE—himself constituency, returning officer, proposer, seconder, and member, like the humourist in the story—declares himself duly elected? It would not be difficult to answer this question; but the answer might hurt Mr. CONYBEARE's feelings, and this, after his Tuesday's performance, would be ungrateful.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN in his late speech at Birmingham distinguished a policy of conciliation from a policy of surrender, and it might almost have been inferred that the negotiations with Mr. GLADSTONE's representatives had already failed; but in other parts of the same speech he stated that he was still sanguine in his hopes of a satisfactory result, and the detailed account of the concessions which he was prepared to make fully confirmed his general statement. If the Liberal Unionists concur with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, which from Lord HARTINGTON's subsequent speech is improbable, it can only be said that they have made great sacrifices for a comparatively insignificant object. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his colleagues must be difficult to please if they think that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's latest proposals are wholly inadmissible. He has not yet agreed to the name of an Irish Parliament; but he is ready to establish a legislative authority in Dublin, and he will probably not insist on the simultaneous creation of another little Parliament in Belfast. The new Legislature is, according to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme, to deal with education, with local government, with public works, and with all similar matters. Mr. GLADSTONE is capable of obliterating in half a dozen elaborate sentences every assignable distinction between his own scheme and the alternative plan of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. On the other hand, it is incredible that Lord HARTINGTON should deliberately allow the Irish to "organize," as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN proposes, "some form of government." Even the Home Rule Bill, which purported to define the province of the Irish Parliament, would be preferable to a delegation of the task.

Any scruple as to names and titles would be inconsistent with a strange suggestion that the Irish Legislature might at its pleasure institute State departments on the English model. "If they desire to have a Ministry, a Prime Minister, a Minister of Agriculture and a Minister of Public Works, a Minister of Education and a Cabinet, and to imitate on a small scale everything that goes on at Westminster, and in Parliament Street, and in Whitehall, all I can say again is that it seems to be a matter entirely for their discretion, and with which I, at any rate, have 'no desire to interfere.'" The existence of a titular Cabinet would furnish a plausible argument for intrusting to it the whole government of Ireland. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is probably thinking of the American Constitution, with its double Government of the State and of the Union. The several States have their own Senates and Lower Houses, their Governors with powers analogous to those of the President, their Secretaries of State and of the Treasury, and other officers of the same class. But the powers of the States are

in some directions strictly limited, and the Supreme Court vigilantly checks any usurpation of rights by the local or the central Government. It is absolutely certain that an Irish Legislature, even if it were not called a Parliament, would at once claim and exercise sovereign power. The Cabinet would furnish the Parliament with the most convenient instrument for asserting its absolute independence. One right which is reserved to the States is not to be conceded to the Irish Government. "If it [an independent Executive] means that their legislative authorities, their subordinate authorities, should have a military, or quasi-military, force at their disposal, or that they should have the control of the administration of justice, then I say No, emphatically No." It is perfectly true that "it would be dangerous to the security of the United Kingdom." It would seem that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declines to place the Constabulary under the orders of the Irish Executive; yet he would make the exercise by the Imperial Parliament of its right of control as rare as possible. It would, in his opinion, be necessary for the Imperial Government to count upon some force, but not of a military character. As the Irish authorities must, if they are to maintain order, also have some kind of police under their control, it is difficult to understand how collisions between two organized bodies of civilians are to be avoided. If any English tribunal is to decide on conflicts of jurisdiction, its decrees must be enforced by a police which would have an alien and invidious character. In the United States the law, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, is uniformly obeyed. Canadians who are wronged by encroachments of the Central or Provincial Legislatures can appeal to the Crown. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as well as Mr. GLADSTONE, omits to provide for the inevitable disputes between the Imperial and the local authorities. It is strange that both he and Mr. GLADSTONE should seek for arguments and precedents in the institutions of the Dominion of Canada.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN still keeps secret his plan for settling the agrarian difficulties, which are perhaps, as he thinks, more important than the question of Home Rule. He is apparently not disposed to deprive the landlords of a portion of their property, except on the condition of giving them better security for the remainder. At the same time he objects to place a new burden on the English taxpayer for the benefit of Irish landlords and tenants. The device when it is published will probably be interesting and ingenious; but Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has not yet acquired the confidence of owners of property whom he not long since proposed to hold to ransom. His agrarian scheme will consequently not excite sanguine expectations. In the meantime his questionable substitute for Mr. GLADSTONE's Home Rule will perhaps be postponed. It is not quite certain that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is anxious for the immediate discovery of a *modus vivendi*, as it is called, between the Radical section which still describes itself as Unionist and the professed supporters of Home Rule. He has perhaps succeeded in allaying the irritation of the Liberal Caucuses at his break with Mr. GLADSTONE. He now dwells more and more habitually on his Radical predilections, and he is ready to concede a large portion of Mr. GLADSTONE's demands. His present course increases the chance of his becoming the next leader of the Radical party. Any ambition of the kind which he may cultivate will be encouraged by the evident anxiety of Mr. LABOUCHERE to widen the breach between the Separatists and all sections of Unionists. The rising leader of the revolutionary faction professes to disapprove of the Conference because it places Mr. GLADSTONE on a level with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. The personal merits or claims of the chief parties to the negotiations are less important than the comparative number of votes which they respectively control. The Liberal Unionists, even without the aid of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's followers, are strong enough to defeat the combined Gladstonites and Parnellites; and consequently Mr. GLADSTONE would pay a high price for their conversion to his cause. Mr. LABOUCHERE's qualities will always give him a certain position, even in a democratic House of Commons.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's political morality when he protests against defiance of the law is unimpeachable, and it contrasts strongly with Mr. LABOUCHERE's audacious vindication of the predatory Plan of Campaign. It is strange that a serious politician should have to argue against the doctrine that a law may be rightfully infringed by any person to whom it seems objectionable. It is evident to ordinary moralists that a law which is only obeyed in consideration of its recognized utility or justice has practically no binding

force. Perhaps Mr. LABOUCHERE expresses his own serious opinion when he might be supposed only to court the votes of Irish anarchists. It is well that a Radical leader of higher authority undertakes a mission to his own party on behalf of a doctrine which has but lately been questioned. Hereafter Mr. CHAMBERLAIN may perhaps take further steps in the direction of equity and moderation. The unauthorized programme to which he has of late more than once complacently recurred was formed without sufficient regard to the truth that there may be tyrannical legislation as well as culpable violation of law; but it is perhaps unreasonable to reopen controversies which have been accidentally suspended. The payment of ransom may possibly be a remote danger; while the extortion from Irish landlords of a portion of their property is daily practised.

Although it may be officious and useless to object to the possible reunion of the Liberal party, the friends of order, and more especially the supporters of the Union, would regard with grave alarm the consummation which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN hopes to attain by means of the pending Conference. Any compromise which may be devised will admit a part, if not the whole, of Mr. GLADSTONE's contention. His Home Rule Bill was more simple and scarcely more mischievous than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's far-fetched contrivance of a gigantic Irish municipality. Mr. PARNELL and his followers would perhaps not be unwilling to tolerate a compromise which would seem to involve a sacrifice of some of their demands. The gratitude which they profess to Mr. GLADSTONE would be on plausible grounds withheld from any constitutional projector who might succeed in modifying the scheme. The Parnellites could easily show that a grudging concession led to innumerable anomalies. It would seem absurd that, if Irish authorities were to manage their domestic affairs, they should be prohibited from interfering with the administration of justice and with the control of the police. Their arguments might be endured with equanimity, but they would have practical power to extend and complete their independence by means of the machinery which would have been provided. There is, fortunately, no reason to apprehend the early introduction of any Government measure relating to local government in Ireland. A promise that it should be proposed when circumstances allow scarcely admits of any attempt to enforce specific performance.

PERSISTENT BRAWLING IN CHURCH.

IT is only a few months since an excited person who misconducted himself in St. Paul's during service was proceeded against and brought to order. He had a gospel of a very indefinite, not to say scraggy, kind to preach, and that was how he set about it, with the natural and proper result. Within these last few weeks a set of persons whose creed is principally distinguished by hostility to the Eighth Commandment have been imitating his example—without incurring the natural and proper result. Service has been disturbed in several of the London parish churches, and as yet only one of the alleged offenders has been brought to book. Thanks to the energy of the Churchwardens of Bermondsey, JOHN MORRIS, latter, has been brought before the police-magistrate for Southwark to answer to the charge of disorderly and indecent behaviour in the church of St. Mary Magdalen. He has been remanded for a week, and bail refused. The fellow-workers of the ill-starred JOHN MORRIS have not as yet shared his martyrdom. Perhaps because there was no energetic Mr. DUMPHREYS on the spot to take the obvious steps, they have not as much as been called into question. In Battersea they had two Sundays of freedom, and on the third a large force of police was told off on extra duty to look after them. Last Sunday they marched to Marylebone Church, and a force of police was required to keep the path clear. They hissed their enemy the Eighth Commandment, and interrupted the sermon. Then they marched off whistling to Paddington to listen to their own GABRIEL KETTLEDRUMMLE. Another party marched to St. John's Church, Lewisham, many of them smoking short pipes, as an outward and visible sign, no doubt, of their extreme destitution. They hissed the prayer for the QUEEN. Again, it is reported that "The Kennington branch of the Social Democratic Federation 'amalgamated with the Walworth and Peckham contingents, and marched to St. Giles's Church, Peckham Road; but the police refused to let them enter."

If all this is not proof of the existence of an organization for the promotion of disorder, it has no kind of meaning at all. It is sheer cant to talk of rowdiness of this kind as being in any sense whatever a sign or a consequence of distress. Loafers who amalgamate for the purpose of disturbing congregations simply belong to the larrikin class. They hiss or applaud in church, commonly under the directions of a fogleman, for the same reason that they indulge in horseplay on the ice and hustle ladies outside a theatre—because they are larrikins and enjoy bullying quiet people. The fact that they go to Paddington Green and listen to the unreverent GABRIEL KETTLEDRUMBLE blethering on the stump does not alter their character one atom. Nobody who is entitled to an opinion at all has any doubt on the subject. And yet this rabble is allowed to parade about, to brawl in church unpunished, and when it is checked it is by employing large bodies of police to watch. Of course whenever the S. D. F. has reason to believe that the force is absent from any particular church, it can go there at once with a pleasant sense of security from any ultimate consequences of a disagreeable nature. It is obvious that the course to follow with these people is not to employ the police to keep them out of harm's way, but to follow the excellent example set by Bermondsey and bring them into the police-court. Prevention is an excellent thing, no doubt; but there are other ways of preventing disorder than the collection of a large force of police. One of them is the proper punishment of offenders, whereby possible imitators may be made to stop and bethink themselves. When the would-be brawlers know that, whether there is a little regiment of police on the spot or no, they may be called to account for misconduct, they will hesitate before hissing and applauding indecently in church. It is intolerable that a handful of agitators and a small mob of rowdies should be allowed to impose all this trouble on the community. Whether we belong to the employed or not, we are all bound not to brawl and riot. The mere rowdiness of fanatics who hope to gain a certain object by making themselves a nuisance has nothing to excuse it. It is, moreover, a compliment to credit the S. D. F. with fanaticism at all. They are simply rowdies, with a gift of fluent gabble about subjects they do not understand. If it is asked why they are treated with a consideration which would certainly not be shown to any body of deluded religious dreamers who behaved in a similar way, the answer is only too easy. They have the power of making a noise in a time when authorities are dreadfully afraid of noise, and their cant has a family likeness to the cant of other politicians who would be very glad of a cry just now.

HARES AND HARCOURTS.

THE prospects of hares are brightening. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has given notice that he will move the rejection of the Bill for establishing a close time for those meritorious quadrupeds, and it really does not seem unreasonable to hope that the intrinsic merit of the proposal, backed by this extraneous recommendation, will suffice to carry it triumphantly through both Houses of Parliament. That the Bill is in itself good can hardly be disputed. It is well that there should be hares in the cultivated parts of England, because they are a valuable article of food, and give good sport of a legitimate kind. Under the present law they are becoming extinct, and if a close time is not established there will soon be none left. The establishment of a close time will, therefore, by preserving the breed of hares, do much good in general and no harm in particular.

When Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his friends passed the Ground Game Act, 1880, through Parliament, their arguments were to the following effect. They said that under the then existing law the landlords preserved for their own shooting hares which ate the farmers' crops. Therefore, the farmers should have, and should not be able to sell, the right of killing hares on their farms. The effect would be that the hares would be kept down at such a point that the crops would not suffer from them more than the farmers could compensate themselves for by the pleasure and profit of killing the hares, and that the farmers would, in their own interests, preserve them sufficiently to prevent their numbers from falling below that golden mean. As to the rabbits, it was urged that the farmers would keep down their numbers sufficiently to make their depredations of little consequence, and that their diminution would be a very

good thing. As generally happens, the theoretical justifications of a measure really designed to show that the Liberals were the farmers' friends have been found to be wholly erroneous speculations. Instead of preserving the hares and moderating the domestic propensities of the rabbits, the farmers have preserved the rabbits and nearly exterminated the hares. A rabbit-skin is worth about a shilling, and in these bad times "a shilling is a shilling," as the philosopher of the music-halls was wont to observe. Besides that there is the carcass, and the fun of killing the rabbit. So that the tendency of the enfranchised farmer has been rather to let his crops look after themselves, and encourage the multiplication of the rabbits in spring and summer, in order to make good bags in winter. But hares are less numerous, less philoprogenitive, and better to eat than rabbits. Therefore the farmer upon whom the right of killing hares has been forced by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's paternal enactment has never been able to resist the temptation of killing them, as opportunity offered, in season and out of season. The hare is a delicate beast, with a regular breeding-season; and the necessary consequence of its continual slaughter is that it is following in the track of the wolf, the badger, the buzzard, and the buffalo. When the Ground Game Act was passed, it was urged that it was necessary to protect the farmer against himself, because he could not be expected to stipulate with his landlord that he should be protected against or indemnified for the destruction of his crops. It is now necessary to protect him against himself again, because experience shows that he cannot be trusted to kill hares with judgment and moderation. If they were being deliberately exterminated as noxious creatures, the case would be different; but they are being stupidly destroyed by thoughtless sportsmen.

It will be interesting to learn on what considerations Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT bases his opposition to the close time. Perhaps he does not like jugged hare. Perhaps he thinks he would be happier if there were one dish fewer which suggests to the eye that it has been stewing in some kind of juice. Or perhaps he is indignant that there should be any legislative interference with the right of an occupier of land to do what he will with his own, however benevolent, or even judicious, the motives of the suggested interference may be. Sir WILLIAM, as everybody knows, is a man of principle, and has sacrificed much—even his political honour, as the gentleman named GRAHAM might say—to the unswerving constancy of his convictions. He loves the harmless hare, it may be, and recognizes in it a valuable article of human consumption and entertainment, but not even to save the hare will he tamper with the rights of individuals. The farmers and farmers' sons who slay the breeding hare without compunction will be sorry when their untimely sport comes to an end by reason of there being no more hares to slay. No matter; it is not for the State to step between man and the consequences of his folly. Nature—human nature—must be permitted to work out its own salvation in its own way, so long as it does not interfere with the similar freedom of others of its own component parts. (*Cf.* Mr. HERBERT SPENCER, *passim*.) If a farmer is foolish enough to destroy his own hares, what is that to any one? If Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT takes this line of objection to the close time, his friends—and they are as many and as friendly as those of the hare—will rejoice. It is always pleasant to see a man sacrificing his prepossessions, or anybody else's prepossessions, to his principles, and when that man is Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, the spectacle is more than ordinarily exhilarating. Then there will be the great interest of observing whether the Gladstonian items will be more tempted by the commonplace joy of voting against the wicked Tories, who of course will support the hares; or by the comparatively subtle delight of throwing over Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. For it is one of the peculiar features of the martyrdom of this statesman that the bitterest attacks which his attachment to his principles brings down upon him come from his own patrons. His scorn of place, his disregard of personal considerations, and his invincible fidelity to his opinions, naturally arouse the envious contempt of the giddy creatures who can veer from point to point of the political compass with an OSBORNE MORGAN, or find salvation against time with a CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. Therefore they bitterly deride Sir WILLIAM, even while making use of his vote, and stir with contemptuous gibes the juice in which the unhappy gentleman stews. There is a good chance that his opposition may be of material service to the hares, and this makes it all the more meritorious in him to adhere firmly to his principles. Even if the hare was on

the verge of extinction, Sir WILLIAM would, no doubt, however much he might regret it, imitate the French game-keeper of anecdote who, upon being asked by a guest going out shooting whether there were many hares, answered, with effusion, "Monsieur, il y en a trois. Il y a Jacques—mais il est si jeune. Il y a Marie, mais elle est si vieille. Il y a Guillaume—mais il est père de famille."

THE LIBERTY OF THE STAGE.

THE France of MM. ZOLA and GUY DE MAUPASSANT—the France of naturalistic fiction—has still, it would seem, some remnants of decency and good sense. At all events it is not so violently carried away from grace as not to feel that naturalism in fiction is enough, and that to open the theatre to such thinkers as M. PAUL BONNETAIN would be, to say the least, an experiment of dubious interest. The French stage, as we know, has always been subject to restrictions, and to get rid of these restrictions has been the object of every right-minded modern Frenchman. The adventure has been attempted time after time, and time after time the attempt has ended in disaster. Even in 1849, when revolution was the order of the day, and the proposal to abolish the licenser of plays and all his works was supported by the authority of such men as HUGO, GAUTIER, EMILE SOUVESTRE, LOCKROY, BOCAGE, MONTIGNY, and ALEXANDRE DUMAS, the champions of a free stage in a free state were defeated with heavy slaughter; and though in 1870 a decree, suggested by JULES SIMON, and signed by all the members of the Government of Defence, declared that "la commission d'examen des ouvrages dramatiques est et demeure supprimée," the Army of Versailles had no sooner reconquered Paris than the principle was reaffirmed, and the censorship was re-established, ostensibly for no longer than the famous State of Siege, but practically for good. There is every reason to conclude that the idea and the form are both of them indestructible; for the last attack on the position has failed as conspicuously as all the others. The question was debated by the Chamber of Deputies no later than last Friday. This time it was proposed to abolish the office on economical grounds; but the argument was as impotent as its predecessors, and the proposal was rejected by a majority of upwards of a hundred and ninety votes.

M. ZOLA is the principal sufferer; and, naturally enough, he is, like a famous ancestor of his, "dans sa grande colère." It must be owned that he has grounds for his complaint. The authorities have licensed M. RICHEPIN's *La Glu* and the *Parisienne* of M. HENRI BEQUE, just as of old they licensed *Le Timbale d'Argent* and the *Visite de Noces* and *Héloïse et Abélard* and fifty audacities besides; but they would not license *Germinal*, and, as we have said, he is disposed to be mighty angry and aggrieved. Liberty, it appears, has once again been done to death, and her murderers are the dramatists—his rivals. The jurists of France—MM. VULPIAN and GAUTHIER in their *Code des Théâtres*, MM. VIVIEN and BLANC in their *Traité de Législation Théâtrale*, MM. LACAN and PAULMIER in their *Traité de Législation et de Jurisprudence des Théâtres*, and M. DALLOZ in his *Répertoire de Jurisprudence*—are all against him—are all convinced of the necessity of a theatrical police, and the extreme impropriety of permitting a dramatist to unbend to his audiences as if he were a poet or a writer of novels. But all that is nothing. M. ZOLA is not of those to whom the legist speaks as one having authority. He is all for protest and the irresponsibility of absolute freedom; his *Germinal* has been strangled in its birth; and he cannot express the contempt he feels for those traitors and recreants—M. EMILE AUGIER, M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, M. VICTORIEN SARDOU, among others—who have helped to make its resuscitation impossible. They are all of them lukewarm or averse; and he contrasts their torpor with the valour and the vehemence of their sires, who fought for the right in 1849, and, as we have noted, were so badly beaten that their sons have given over the conflict, and M. ZOLA, who has little or nothing else in common with them, is the only champion of their cause.

That in France the licensers of plays have done their work with partiality and inconsistencies innumerable is not to be denied; that they have been careful rather of politics than morals is beyond dispute; that the principles of theatrical liberty are eminently respectable is hardly a case for argument. All the same, we conceive the censorship to be an institution of the greatest value, and

the licenser of plays a most useful public servant. Of course the advocacy of men like HUGO and DUMAS is a factor of importance in the general question; but one remembers that *Antony* and *La Tour de Nesle* passed the censure without comment, and that HUGO's case was based on the interdiction of *Le Roi s'amuse*, which proved, on its resurrection, to be an impossible play. For M. ZOLA's disgust, it is easily explained, as we have seen; and the indifference of his successful rivals is every whit as natural. They—M. SARDOU, M. AUGIER, M. DUMAS—are dramatists, pure and simple. Their work depends for its success upon no bastard interest, political or other. They are artists, and it is as artists that they wish to be judged.

TRYING A CHIEF JUSTICE.

THE debate on the Address in the House of Commons threatens to be so very long, and so very dull, that we can once more, with renewed fervour, thank Heaven we have a House of Lords. We do not know whether Mr. TOOLE was present in that illustrious assembly on Monday afternoon. If so, he must have been divided between sympathy with his friend Lord COLERIDGE ("the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE knows Mr. TOOLE") and a desire to improve upon his famous performance of "trying a magistrate." To the joint exertions of Lord GRAVES, Lord RIBBLESDALE, and the President of the Queen's Bench Division the public is indebted for a spirited and successful entertainment. Lord GRAVES, who may be said to have got up the whole thing, committed neither felony nor misdemeanour. But, though he left the court without a stain upon his character, he created a scene which only the pen that described the Visitation dinner attended by Mr. SHANDY and his brother could adequately describe. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE discovered that there was no case against Lord GRAVES, and agreed with the counsel for the prosecution that a trial, if held, "could have only one result." The sporting instincts of English lawyers deter them from the pursuit of a red herring, and Lord GRAVES was relieved from the necessity of proving that he had neither forged shares nor obtained money by false pretences. But the matter did not, in legal slang, rest there. Lord GRAVES is an Irish peer. He is not, as Lord COLERIDGE remarked on Monday amidst rather unkind applause, a member of the House of Lords. A peer, however, is a peer, though he is only an Irish peer, just as, according to Mr. MACEY in *Silas Marner*, a fly's a fly, though it's only a horse-fly, and a veterinary surgeon is a doctor, though he's only a horse-doctor. The indictment for misdemeanour having been disposed of by the withdrawal of the prosecution, with the sanction of the judge, there remained two charges of felony. As regards them, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL has entered a *nolle prosequi*, and that of course, as everybody knows, makes an end of them altogether. The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, however, was not content to let well alone. He offered to allow Lord GRAVES to waive his right to be tried by his peers, and Lord GRAVES, who knew that he was not going to be tried at all, immediately assented. But in making this suggestion Lord COLERIDGE, if we may say so without offence to the Upper House, put his foot into a hornets' nest. Nor was he even satisfied with laying down bad law. He proceeded further to support it by worse history. He cited the case of Lord FERRERS, alleging that he had been tried for murder before an ordinary jury and hanged. Now Lord FERRERS, if we remember rightly, not being, as the law then was, allowed counsel, and desiring to set up the defence of insanity, found himself in a very embarrassing position. For the better he defended himself the more his defence was impaired. But, however that may be, the jurors who convicted Lord FERRERS were undoubtedly peers of the realm, and, if he was not arraigned before the whole House, that is only because Parliament did not happen to be sitting at the time.

The House of Lords could not be expected tamely to endure an assault upon its constitutional rights, and the impressive personality of Lord RIBBLESDALE was invoked, or invoked itself, for the occasion. Lord RIBBLESDALE treated the question with becoming solemnity. He had not, he assured the House, any personal interest in the question. "He did not care about the privilege as an individual member of their Lordships' House. It was a melancholy privilege at best; but it was a matter affecting their Lordships' House as a constituted body." None of Mr. GILBERT's peers at the Savoy could have spoken with more

dignity. Moreover—and this is the humour of it—Lord RIBBLESDALE was right, and the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England was wrong. The question was put to the LORD CHANCELLOR, and the LORD CHANCELLOR virtually followed the example of the famous Irish Chief Justice who, after listening to his two differing puisnes, observed, “I am of ‘the same opinion as my brother GEORGE for the reasons ‘given by my brother SMITH.’” Lord HALSBURY was of the same opinion as Lord RIBBLESDALE for the reasons given by Lord COLERIDGE. We do not, indeed, quite understand what the LORD CHANCELLOR meant by saying that, “owing to ‘the accident of the position which he had the honour to ‘hold, he was called upon to pronounce what came to ‘be a dogmatic opinion.’” The accident of birth, or, as Lord THURLOW called it, the accident of an accident, is sometimes said to account for the presence in the House of Lords of a peer by inheritance. Lord HALSBURY was not raised to the Woolsack by accident, but for professional and legal services, and he can scarcely have yet begun to regard himself as the tenth transmitter of a foolish face. Moreover the answer of a Minister to a question in Parliament, though that Minister may be the Lord Chancellor, is not an authoritative judgment, by which any one else is bound. The Chancellor, as is well known, has no more power than any other peer, and his opinion is neither technically nor substantially entitled to more weight than that of Lord COLERIDGE, who differed from him, or that of Lord HERSCHELL and Lord FITZGERALD, who agreed with him. But argumentatively and historically Lord COLERIDGE had not, in the picturesque phraseology of Mr. CHAPLIN, “the shadow of a leg to ‘stand on.’” He spent some time in proving that the privilege only applied to felonies, which nobody ever doubted. But he could not advance any reason whatever for the doctrine that the privilege could be waived, and it is an elementary principle of law that the consent of an accused person to be tried by a particular tribunal cannot give that tribunal a jurisdiction which it would not otherwise possess. The question is not perhaps of much practical importance; for peers do not, speaking broadly, commit felony. Five-and-forty years ago, or thereabouts, Lord CARDIGAN was acquitted by the House of Lords on a charge of wounding Captain TUCKERT in a duel. The criminal law was then extremely technical, and Lord CARDIGAN might have escaped in any court, while the prejudice against treating duelling as a serious crime was certainly not confined to the House of Lords. No peer has since been indicted for felony, though one was recently found guilty at the Old Bailey of a misdemeanour. If Lord GRAVES had been able to contribute to the discussion in the House of Lords, the little drama would have been more artistically complete. As it is, perhaps the best moral is a remark once made by Sir GEORGE JESSEL, “Even if a Chief ‘Justice says it, that doesn’t make it the law.”

A BASHFUL AGITATOR.

MR. J. C. DURANT, late member or candidate for Stepney, and obviously very anxious to be future member for somewhere else, is more easily disconcerted than most Radicals “on the prowl” for a constituency. A week or so ago he conceived or undertook to stand sponsor for the very promising idea of “running” the Glenbeigh evictions through a series of platform performances, as Mr. GLADSTONE ran the Bulgarian atrocities, and a circular—or what less subtle intelligences than Mr. DURANT’s mistook for a circular—inviting co-operation for this worthy object appeared subscribed with his name in the *Times*. Upon this the *Times* unfavourably commented in a leading article, and Mr. DURANT, instead of welcoming, as one would have expected, this additional advertisement of his scheme, and seizing on so admirable an opportunity for taking the first step in its execution, has unexpectedly climbed down. With the chance before him of beginning the accumulation of political capital at once, he weakly repudiates the very imputation of desiring to amass such capital at all. He seems to be frightened by the sound himself has made. “If ‘you please, sir,’ he writes timidly to his censor, ‘it ‘was not a circular at all; it was a letter; and it was not ‘sent to a thick-and-thin supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE, but to ‘a ‘well-known dissentient Radical.’” After it was sent to this well-known dissentient Radical, “letters in the same ‘spirit were sent to a number of other gentlemen,” but that, of course, is something very different from sending out

a circular; and the gentlemen among whom these letters were—we must, we suppose, say circulated, though out of respect for Mr. DURANT we wished to avoid the words—were in many cases stoutly opposed to important parts of Mr. GLADSTONE’s Home Rulescheme. Indeed, it is “furthest ‘from the thoughts of the promoters of these meetings ‘that they should be confined to mere partisans. On the ‘contrary, special pains are being taken to secure the ‘attendance of a large number of Conservatives, and at ‘least in some cases Conservative members of Parliament ‘will be asked to attend and speak.” In short, the movement which Mr. DURANT is seeking to—would he like us to say inaugurate?—had its origin in a spontaneous, non-political, absolutely disinterested impulse of divine compassion for human suffering.

Let us glance, then, at the letter which is not a circular, though it, or its equivalent, has been sent to a “number of ‘gentlemen,” and let us endeavour to realize in imagination the exact mood of passionate, yet circumspect, emotion in which it must have been composed. Mr. DURANT, then, rose indignant, we must suppose, from the perusal of some Nationalist account of the evictions at Glenbeigh. “Here,” he exclaims, “are deeds of cruelty, in the presence of which ‘all differences of political opinion disappear. The common ‘heart of mankind cries out against them, and to that ‘heart I will appeal.” Seizing pen and paper, he writes:—“DEAR SIR,—A few prominent Liberals are forming a ‘Committee for the purpose of organizing a series of meet- ‘ings in London to protest, &c.” Having secured attention by these burning words, he proceeds, in language soaring still higher above the ignoble associations of party, “You ‘will remember that a similar series some years ago on the ‘Bulgarian atrocities was productive of the best results.” Then, the instincts of the political artist giving place to the higher and purer impulses of the man, he continues:—“Experience shows that the masses of the people are much ‘more readily moved by occurrences which appeal to the ‘dramatic instinct than by abstract arguments, and the ‘indignation universally felt at the eviction outrages now ‘taking place will do more to make the public under- ‘stand the grave political questions of the day than could ‘have been accomplished by years of effort.” It is only at this point that the practical demands of the situation struggle through these passionate utterances into recognition; and Mr. DURANT, with breast still heaving from the violence of his emotions, passes reluctantly to business. “We desire to take prompt advantage of the opportunity. ‘We shall apply for most of the largest halls in London, ‘especially at the East End.” And, lastly, becoming more and more master of himself, Mr. DURANT remarks that “the movement will also be valuable in making better ‘known to the public men who in the future may be ex- ‘pected to take a prominent part in public affairs.” Here, perhaps, more distinctly than anywhere else in the non-circular—let us say the elliptical letter—we seem to catch the true accent of the disinterested humanitarian speaking to kindred souls as free from all taint of self-seeking as his own. It is assured of a response from men susceptible of “high-class” emotion, yet themselves “too little known.”

Thus imperfectly have we endeavoured to describe the frame of mind in which this geometrically indescribable letter must have been composed—always assuming, as we are bound to assume, that Mr. DURANT’s subsequent explanation of its intent and purport is the true one. We are fully conscious, however, that if this assumption is correct, his peculiar mood presents a problem far beyond our limited powers of psychological analysis; and we recommend it, therefore, with much earnestness to the attention of the one consummate master of that science, the author of *Parleyings with Certain People of Some Importance in their Day*.

THE HARDY NORSEMAN’S “HOUSE” OF YORE.

THESE are days when the demon of political hoaxing has come among us having great wrath; and it is, therefore, with gingerly step and nostril trembling for the scent of the practical joke that the wise man will approach the letter signed a “Liberal ex-M.P.,” with its enclosure, published by the *Times* of Wednesday last. On the assumption that it is a hoax, its piquancy is greatly enhanced by the uncertainty as to “who the hoaxter is and ‘who the hoaxed.” It is in that case, so far as we can judge, exactly even betting whether a “Liberal ex-M.P.”

is poking fun at the public, or whether "ALFRED W. JOHNSTON" has successfully taken a rise out of a "Liberal ex-M.P." The latter, at any rate, in forwarding his correspondent's letter, characterizes it with all gravity as "another example of the absurd lengths to which individuals now proceed, in consequence of the impulse which Mr. GLADSTONE has recently given to Separatism." The impulse in question has certainly carried the "individual" signing himself "ALFRED W. JOHNSTON" noticeably far—always supposing him, that is to say, to be serious. He writes on behalf of the "Udal League (Orkney and Shetland)," and, claiming the sympathy of the Liberal ex-M.P. on the ground of his descent from "the old Norse Jarls of Orkney," invites his support to the movement which has been started for the recovery of the Udal rights and the redress of the feudal wrongs "of these unfortunate islands." This collocation of phrases has not been invented, as might be hastily assumed, for the sake of the rhyme. The "Udal rights"—or, in other words, the conditions of the land-tenure instituted by King OLAF of Norway—are or were realities; while as to the feudal wrongs alleged to have arisen from the grant of the stewardry of the isles to Lord MORRISON in the reign of ANNE, and his subsequent sale of his lands and revenues to Sir LAURENCE DUNDAS, these wrongs have already come more than once under the consideration of the Scotch courts. Thus far, then, there is nothing to show, or even to suggest, to the "earnest" Saxon politician of the Separatist persuasion that ALFRED W. JOHNSTON is "having a lark with him." Nor do the general aims of the League, as enunciated by Mr. JOHNSTON, raise any irresistible presumption that he is chaffing the Liberal ex-M.P. or the public at large. No doubt it would be an excellent thing to associate this movement with "a general reassertion of the Norse spirit throughout the kingdom—the spirit of obedience to constitutional law and government so amply illustrated in the long reign of injustice under which we (the islanders) have gone." This would "act as a suitable antidote to Celtic disaffection, as now so alarmingly displayed in the Highlands, Ireland, and Wales." We may take it as quite certain that, if any such antidote can be provided, the public will not anxiously inquire whether it is labelled "Norse spirit" or not.

It is not in the recital of grievances, but in the proposal of remedies, that this uncomfortable suspicion creeps in. Do A. W. JOHNSTON and those for whom he professes to write really wish to have "the countries" of Orkney and Shetland "erected into a united country," with a "head Parliament ranking equal to that to be granted to Scotland; while Orkney and Shetland shall each have an independent Local Government Board under that head Parliament, which, again, shall be under immediate supervision of Imperial Parliament" (What? Not to be responsible directly to an Orcadian Executive? Admirable moderation!), "in which Orkney and Shetland shall be duly represented"? Is the Constitution of the Udal League really "framed on the lines of our old county government, with a head executive council called the 'Althing'?" Is it grave fact, and not frolicsome fiction, that "Mr. HEDDLE of Melsetter has accepted office as 'Grand Lawman or Chief Legislative Secretary,' and that the Council are anxious to secure the services of a good man as 'Grand Towd or Chief Executive Secretary'?" Are these things truly so, and, if they are so, how comes it that Mr. LEONARD LYELL, though he has declared himself as cordially in favour of Home Rule for Orkney as he was for Ireland, has since written to say that Orkney and Shetland must, with what he somewhat mysteriously calls a "few exceptions," remain "as two Scottish counties"? Have the wild winds of Mr. LEONARD LYELL's tempestuous constituency borne to him the scent of a local joke? We must await further enlightenment, but we may, in the meantime, say that if Mr. JOHNSTON's scheme is not a stroke of broad Orcadian humour it ought to be. We hardly know, however, which would be the most instructive sign of the times, that any man should put forward such a scheme seriously, or that he should feel confident of its success as a hoax.

STRANGE TREASURE-TROVE.

WHEN a dead body of ancient times is unburied, the best thing to do with it is to bury it again, especially if it be the body of a Christian. True, the heathen dead in many cases set even more store by decent burial, with no

mained rites, than do Christians, to whom these things are, except as a matter of sentiment, really indifferent. But the generation of to-day is discreditably careless of natural piety in this matter. What becomes of the human remains in most of the cairns and barrows that are opened? They were our predecessors, if not our ancestors, the men and women whose humble treasures of sun-burned clay pots and their torques of gold are heaped in our museums, while the dust of the dead goes to dust unregarded. What has Dr. SCHLIEMANN done with the bones of AGAMEMNON? Respect for a dateless antiquity and heroic past should have restored them to the quiet earth of Mycenæ. But probably they are in an Athenian museum.

A case of piety or impiety has arisen at Plumstead. A Roman coffin was found there lately, and, according to the newspaper reports, is of about 300 A.D. When found the coffin and the remains of the dead were taken to the parish mortuary house. As there is a cross on the coffin, and as there seems reason to believe that the dead was a young Roman lady of our own faith, the Vicar very properly desires to give her Christian and decent burial. On the other hand, the owner of the land where the coffin was found is said to have promised the bones to "a local surgeon" and the coffin to a local museum. What can a local surgeon do with the relics of a lady dead for fifteen hundred years? There is no scientific use to be made of them more than of any other skeleton. To keep them as curiosities would be worthy of BENJAMIN ALLEN or BOB SAWYER. They would finally be banished to some lumber-room and thence pass into dust or a dunghill. We owe a more decent hospitality to a lady of the race of conquerors. She has as good a right to decent burial as any local antiquary. As to her coffin, that really seems a matter of small importance. If the coffin has any archaeological value, it may as well be in the museum as anywhere else. The sleep of CÆCILIA, or JULIA, will not be disturbed by any arrangement about her coffin. But her bones have a natural claim on natural piety; they have no manner of archaeological or physiological interest, and they should be interred like that fair dead Pagan girl with whom all Rome fell in love at the end of the sixteenth century. As to the law of treasure-trove, speaking in ordinary terms, where is the treasure? The bones are not treasure, and we do not hear that any gold was buried with the corpse, though it seems a little strange if nothing of the kind was done. Sir JOHN LUBBOCK might bring in a Bill for the Protection of Ancient Corpes, and it would be less tedious than his Bank Holidays. If the local surgeon gets the bones, we can only hope that *La Morte*, not *Amoureuse*, may haunt the local surgeon.

THE AMERICAN MAIL.

THE arrangements made for the conveyance of the American mail on the determination of the existing contracts seem to be reported on trustworthy authority. Even if rumour has a little outstripped the truth, it is still deserving of some measure of credit, for the description published at Liverpool gives the outlines of what would certainly be a most satisfactory settlement of an angry dispute. Not only would the service of the mails be put on a fairly satisfactory footing by these new contracts, but a very valuable addition would be made to the reserve naval forces of the country. It may therefore be laid down that, if the arrangement has not been made, it ought to be made, and its merits set forth. As regards the service of the mails, it will secure four steady deliveries a week. There will be a mail on Wednesday by the White Star, and on Saturday by the Cunard, both calling at Queenstown. The Inman line will carry letters specially marked on Tuesdays from Liverpool, and the North-German Lloyd's on Thursdays from Southampton. This will secure both an ample and a trustworthy delivery. It will give back to the Cunard and the White Star lines a position which they certainly deserved by good service, and will also leave the Post Office an amount of liberty it would not have had under the contracts demanded by these Companies a few months ago. Nothing has as yet been said as to the terms of payment for the carriage of the letters; but it is to be supposed that the Companies have been brought to see the necessity of working at the ordinary market rate.

They can the better afford to do so because, under the new arrangement, they will be able, by complying with certain requirements, to secure a very valuable compensation. It is not the least praiseworthy part of the reported

scheme that the Admiralty will secure the permanent right to call on the services of vessels especially constructed to be useful in war time. Under the old arrangement, of which some use was made during the Russian war scare, a certain number of vessels were at the call of the State in case of need, but there was no security that they would not pass into the hands of foreigners. In one rather scandalous case a steamer which had earned her owners a very handsome sum of money without leaving port was transferred to the Italian Government as soon as her time of service was over. Apparently, measures have been taken to guard against this kind of thing in future. The English mail-carrying Companies are to build vessels fitted to serve as swift cruisers, and to hold them entirely at the disposal of the Admiralty. In return they are to receive a subvention apparently under the condition that they are not to transfer their ships to a foreign flag. There is no reason against such an arrangement. The subventions will be on precisely the same footing as the capitation grant to the Volunteers, and will be a cheap way of securing the services of a very useful class of transports. Even from the purely economic point of view, the arrangement is fairly orthodox. The Admiralty will, of course, not bind itself to give subventions to the three Liverpool Companies only, and a ship-owner who is prepared to serve the State may as reasonably get a profit by it as the ploughman who uses his militia pay to make both ends meet. The State gets value for its money in both cases. In war time this class of cruisers will be of great value. If they are built to attain a sufficient speed, they will always be able to escape from heavily-armoured ships and resist small ones. Their use as armed transports and as scouts or torpedo carriers for a fleet will be very considerable. It hardly detracts from the value of the arrangement that it is undoubtedly a compromise. The Post Office has resigned its right of employing any good steamer which happened to be going, but it secures a very full service. The greater liberty of the American Post Office is an advantage, but it is to some extent due to the fact that the contracts with our Government made it possible for the great Liverpool lines to keep up a regular outward service, which made the return voyage, by which the States Government profited, a matter of course. If it did not suit the Cunard Company to send a steamer in the ordinary way of trade—and this happened a week or two ago—then there could be no Cunarder coming back for the Americans to send the mails by, and their liberty would be effectually circumscribed. By the new settlement accidents of this nature will be avoided. The subordinate advantages are largely independent of the mail service. A reserve fleet of properly qualified cruisers could have been secured whether there had been a dispute with the Liverpool Companies or not. As a matter of fact, however, the quarrel and the subsequent negotiations do seem to have led to a general settling of relations between the Admiralty and the Companies by which the country seems likely to profit.

IRELAND IN THE DEBATE.

IN the course of Friday night's debate it was remarked by that eminent statesman, Mr. ILLINGWORTH, that as long ago as 1844 complaints were made of jury-packing in Ireland, thus showing (we are here, of course, only drawing our own moral) that Irish patriots were as unwilling forty years ago as they are now to have their countrymen tried before juries who would do their duty. To Mr. ILLINGWORTH and politicians of his school the persistence of such phenomena only proves that we have been travelling in what they call, in unconscious satire of their own favourite methods of reasoning, "a vicious circle." Equally vicious, we imagine, appeared to the sonneteer of the unhappy Mrs. BROWNING the circle in which the lawgiver had been travelling since first he took to punishing the murder of female 'prentices with death, and, like him, Mr. ILLINGWORTH looks hopefully forward to a time when, if not "France," at any rate Separation, "shall come, and laws be all repealed." No doubt the worthy Radical had been moved by the appearance of the elaborate protests from a body of Sligo jurors against "jury-packing," so called, which the *Daily News* has just published, and which have been largely signed by Catholics and non-Catholics alike. As regards these last, it is of course very creditable, and in one respect, at any rate, a happy sign of the times, that they should have associated themselves in this movement with their Catholic colleagues,

and we respect the sentiment which has prompted them to declare their belief that these colleagues are men "as upright and conscientious" as themselves, and to unite with them in their "indignant repudiation" of the imputation cast on them by the Crown of disregard for their oath, while "protesting on our part against the like 'imputation inferentially cast on ourselves.'" But natural and pardonable as are these expressions of feeling, we must again point out, as we have already once pointed out, to the remonstrants, Catholic and Protestant, that these deliverances are quite beside the question. The duty of the Crown counsel in a prosecution is simply to secure that the jury by whom a prisoner is to be tried shall be composed of such men, and such men only, as may reasonably be expected to decide without fear or favour on the issue of such prisoner's guilt or innocence; and with this end in view he is in duty bound to challenge any juror whom he believes to be wanting in the qualification. Now it was a matter of notoriety at the late Sligo Assizes that jurors were peculiarly exposed to the influences of "fear," exerted upon their minds by prisoners' friends of the National League, and therefore proportionately likely to show "favour" to the prisoners themselves. Accordingly it was imperative upon counsel for the Crown to examine the case of each juror with special care, to weigh as accurately as possible his personal amenability by reason of character, position, or surroundings, to these improper influences, and to object to all such jurors as seemed to him to fall short on any ground of the requisite standard of independence. That many challenges had, in fact, to be made is a consequence of that reckless and dangerous lowering of the juror's qualification which was effected by Lord O'HAGAN'S Act—a measure which, in the opinion of many good judges, is largely responsible for recent difficulties to secure the punishment of crime. That more Catholics were directed to stand aside than Protestants is a matter which will surprise no one who bears in mind the numerical relations of the two communities, and the proportion in which weak and "coercible" jurors are likely, for the most obvious reasons, to be distributed between the two. But that any "imputation of disregard for their oath" was intended to be cast upon challenged jurors as a body, whether Catholic or Protestant, is absurd; and if such an inference were to be held a legitimate foundation of a grievance, it would follow that the practice of challenging is in all but an infinitesimal minority of cases indefensible. Do the Sligo remonstrants contend that no juror ought to be challenged, either by the Crown or the prisoner, unless he is believed to be meditating deliberate perjury? Such a question answers itself. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it is assumed that the challenged juror is in intention an honest man, but he is objected to because it is apprehended that his firmness will not be equal to his honesty, and that his fears will get the better of his principles.

It is somewhat singular that so little has been heard of this grievance during the current Parliamentary debate; but, as there seems no probability of that debate concluding in the course of the next fortnight, there is plenty of time for any amount of indignant Irish eloquence on the subject. Meanwhile the sole interest—and it is one of a purely speculative character—which attaches to the wearisome discussion of thoroughly exhausted Irish topics is to be derived from a study of the mode in which the Plan of Campaign is treated by English Radicals. Mr. GLADSTONE'S opinion of it is rather the audacious recrimination by which he has evaded repeating an opinion we already know. Mr. LABOUCHERE has given his in the apt comparison of the "Plan" to the principle of a Trade-Unionist strike, which, but for one comparatively unimportant difference—namely, that the tenants combine, not to quit their holdings, as the workmen do to quit their workshops, unless more favourable terms of contract are conceded, but to remain in possession of them—it would closely resemble. Mr. ILLINGWORTH'S method is a simpler one. His opinion of the "Plan" is that, even if "it cannot be completely squared with the statute law, if 'it were extra-legal' ('extra' is beautiful), 'its use 'against the legalized injustice which had prevailed too long 'in connexion with the land was not a matter for wonder." Mr. ILLINGWORTH did not go on to tell us whether he considered it immoral, or at least "extra-moral," to conspire to assist A to defraud B; but as in the phrase "legalized injustice" he contrasts morality with positive law, he cannot claim to exclude ethical considerations from the matter. It would be interesting to know, therefore, in what other matter, except that of the contract of tenancy,

the very thought of which seems to act like an intoxicating and demoralizing drug on the minds of these worthy people, he would deem himself morally, or even "extra-morally," justified in abetting a debtor in the fraudulent repudiation of his debt, even if he (Mr. ILLINGWORTH) thought the defrauded creditor a harsh one, which is what is meant in the curious jargon of this school by such phrases as legalized injustice. We apprehend that, as a good man of business—where business does not "savour of the realty"—and one, it may be, who is not unfamiliar with or even shocked at the spectacle of men driving the hardest possible bargains with others, he would find it very difficult to name any other form of contract to which he would be prepared to sanction the application of the principles of the "Plan." Where land is concerned, however, he has no doubt. "Had 'he been an Irishman he would himself have engaged 'heartily in the work.' That of course is a clincher. The fact that one illogical anarchist would not under certain conditions have scrupled to assist other anarchists in the prosecution of a lawless enterprise throws an entirely new and favourable light upon its character. That birds of a feather flock together is in itself a proof that their plumage ought to be admired.

From the point of view of practical politics, the opinions, defensible or indefensible, which the Radicals may entertain on the subject of the Plan of Campaign are of very little moment. It is quite certain that, if Ministers are to make good their pledges to the country on the matter of Irish government, they must promptly suppress this "extra-legal" movement and break up the organization which is promoting it. We do not apprehend that, if they proceed as they have indicated their intention of doing, by Parliamentary methods, they will meet with any difficulty on the side of their Liberal allies. Weak-kneed Liberal Unionists of the type of Mr. WINTERBOTHAM, with his superstitious dread of the foolish word "coercion" and his hankerings after "that 'greatest leader' of the Liberal party—who has led it into the deepest quagmire in which party ever found itself—will not 'occur,' we believe and hope, among the rank and file of Lord HARTINGTON's followers. He himself, of course, is thoroughly staunch; and even Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in the very midst of the comedy which he is playing to the Radical gallery, has taken occasion to say that, though opposed to such a measure as the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, he would be prepared to support the Government in any necessary reinforcement of the powers and acceleration of the processes of law. No suspensions of Habeas Corpus are involved in any of what Mr. GLADSTONE called the "equitable and valuable provisions of the Crimes Act," and the powers conferred by these provisions ought undoubtedly to be in the hands of the Government at this moment. But, whatever they intend to do, they should do it speedily; and if, as we are disposed to think, it is not advisable to anticipate Parliamentary sanction in this matter, Ministers should take prompt steps to bring the present idle Parliamentary palaver to a close.

HOW THE SUEZ CANAL IS WORKED.

IT would puzzle many geographers to name the latitude and longitude of a place called Terreplein. Nay, hundreds and even thousands of our fellow-countrymen and women have seen it, have landed at it, have embarked from it, and yet have never heard of it. To dwellers at Suez, and to those especially who belong to the English colony and live in the old town, the made land, the-filled up marshes and connected islands which, nearly two miles from Suez, jut into the Gulf, and form the extremity of the western bank of the great Canal, are known not by their official names as Port Tewfik or Port Ibrahim, but as Terreplein, and Terreplein will probably be the chief name for many a year to come of a spot destined in the near future to be of the greatest strategical importance, and commercially, perhaps, to be a new Venice, built in the sea, and crowded with the Oriental and Australian traffic of the world. So far the principal merchants and shipping agents do not affect Terreplein, though one or two have built houses on the invisible estate of the Canal Company. A fine map shows streets and quays, but the reality is a shallow tidal pool, dotted here and there with sandbanks and islets, and tied, as it were, to Suez by a long narrow embankment, on which a train runs back and forward two or three times a day, affording magnificent views of the lofty range of Attaka on the right, and across the signal-posts of the Canal on the left, to the sharply serrated ridge of the Gebel el Raha. Among the low distant peaks and precipices one is pointed out to travellers as the scene of the murder of Palmer and his companions. Although such an identification is

very conjectural, it adds a deeper interest to the view, and the sunset reddens every prominence, and brings out distinctly the features of mountains which must be at least five-and-twenty miles off, with a ruddy glow, which seems but too appropriate to the memory of an awful tragedy. Terreplein may also be reached from Suez very pleasantly by a steam-launch from the quay on the ancient Egyptian canal, which forms the head of the Gulf, but which was neglected by M. de Lesseps, who, in fact, perhaps to found a new commercial settlement at Terreplein, took his canal out of the way to avoid it. By a sailing-boat, too, the same route may be travelled in a short space of time; but the return journey, beating up against the prevalent northerly wind, may be an affair of hours. The advantage of going by sea is, that you enter Terreplein by the front door, so to speak, and avoid the back slums with which every French settlement, however small, is adorned. The avenue of green trees, with the tiled roofs of the Canal offices peeping over them, the red buoys which mark the deep-water channel, the blue sea, the yellow desert, and the clear, bright sky combine to make a picture in the crudest primary colours; yet toned and glazed by the brilliant sunshine, so as to be both harmonious and pleasing. Facing the steps where we land is the broad pedestal of a great bronze bust, not of M. de Lesseps, as most travellers suppose, but of Lieutenant Waghorn, the first projector of the Overland Route to India, put up by the Canal Company, who thus proved themselves more grateful than his own countrymen.

The privilege of entering the office to see the way everything on the whole hundred miles of the Canal is controlled and directed from Terreplein, is, of course, seldom asked, and perhaps still seldomer accorded. The presence of a stranger in that silent room is not calculated to facilitate traffic. The number of ships in the Canal at one and the same time is sometimes very great, and the slightest mistake or carelessness in sending the signals from station to station might lead to very serious consequences. On the 8th of December last, for example, fifteen steamers cleared the Canal, of which seven were outward bound. On the previous day nine ships cleared, and on the following day seven, so that during the 8th some thirty ships were probably at one time in the Canal. Sometimes there are as many as forty; and all, whether they are passing through the narrowest cutting, whether they are steaming their fastest pace across the twenty-five miles of deep water in the Great Lake, or making their exit at Port Said, are completely under the control of the French gentleman sitting at his desk in an upper chamber at Terreplein.

The way in which the Canal is worked from the Suez office is, like many other ingenious devices, exceedingly simple. It is ascribed to the local head of the administration, M. Chartrey, who deserves immense credit both for the invention itself and for the way in which it is applied to the traffic. Against the wall at one side of the room is a narrow shelf or platform, along which runs a groove. At intervals this trough or groove has deep recesses, and at two places these recesses are of larger size. This trough or groove represents the Canal. The recesses are the sidings. The larger intervals are the Great Bitter Lake and Lake Timsah. When a vessel has been signalled and is about to enter the Canal at, say, the Suez end, a small toy boat or model, three or four inches long, is chosen to represent her. A group of these model ships stands ready beside the model canal, each furnished with a flag. About forty have the English flag, ten or a dozen the French flag, and so on with other nationalities. As the steamer comes up and her name is known it is written on paper and placed on the toy boat. The whole number of ships thus actually in the Canal at any moment can be seen at a glance; and, as the telegraphic signals give notice, the toy boats are moved along, or placed in a siding, or shown traversing one of the lakes at full speed. Signals are sent from the office to the various "Gares" prescribing the siding at which each ship must stop to let another ship meet and pass it. The official who is on duty keeps the models moving as he receives notice, taking care when perhaps two ships going in opposite directions are both nearing the same siding to give timely warning to the pilots in charge by means of the signal balls and flags at each station under his control from the office, and to direct which of the two is to lie up and which to proceed. Barring accidents, the whole arrangement goes like clockwork; the clerk can read off in a moment the name, tonnage, nationality, draught, and actual situation of every steamer; he can tell what pilot she has on board, what is her breadth of beam, what rate she is moving at, and everything else which has to be known about her; and he is able without an effort to govern all her movements, to prescribe the place where she is to pass the night, and the hour at which she is to get under way in the morning, although he does not see her, and probably never saw her in his life.

The loss of the Soudan has diminished the trade of Suez, and in a slighter degree the traffic of the Canal, which has also been affected by the state of the market in England and the long commercial depression. Nevertheless, there are often as many as forty steamers dotted about on different parts of M. Chartrey's model, and the fees, payable only in specie, are often enormous. Some of the large Australian liners of the P. & O. or the Orient service pay as much as 1,800*l.* in making a single transit. For every passenger half a Napoleon, or 8*s.* 4*d.*, is charged. All this money has to be received at one of the three offices at Port Said, Ismailia, and Suez; but the management of the traffic is chiefly carried on at Suez. The pilots are nearly all, to judge by their names, which are hung up in the same room, Greeks or of Greek origin, but a couple of Englishmen were among their number

lately. Except to prescribe the rate of speed, the pilot is not of much use to the steamer passing through the Canal, unless it is for the first time. A child can read the signals at the stations, and, as the pilot takes no responsibility and gives his orders formally through the officer on duty on the bridge, it is probable that before long the obligation to take a pilot may be removed. It needs two pilots to take a ship through, as one always goes off and another comes on at Ismailia on Lake Timsah. The qualifications required are unknown, since they do not comprise any special proficiency in navigation, or any acquaintance with the English language. Yet as, strictly speaking, three-fourths of the ships that go through are English, it might be supposed that the power of using English nautical terms would be the chief accomplishment of every pilot. If we take the traffic of a single week in December as representing a fair average, we find that on the 7th two French, one Austrian, and two German steamers passed through. On the 8th one Spanish and three French ships passed. On the 9th there was one Frenchman with two Norwegians. On the 10th a Dutchman and a Frenchman, and on the 11th an American and an Austrian passed, but only English ships got out of the Canal on the 12th. On the 13th there emerged at Port Said or Suez a French transport, two German steamers, two Italian, and a Dutch mail-boat. Thus, in an ordinary week the total number of ships of all nationalities, except England, which emerged from the Canal was twenty-two. The English ships during the same period were thirty-eight—including the whole number, eight, which passed through on the 12th. It constantly happens, sometimes for two and three days together, that all the ships are English, and it happened again on the 14th. Nor is this all; the English ships are by far the largest; the four largest of any kind that can go through the Canal being bound for Australia. On these steamers electric light is used, and as a great favour they have sometimes been allowed to go on during the night. This has proved so easy of accomplishment and so convenient, that arrangements are now in progress for lighting the whole Canal with electric lamps, and permitting all ships to proceed on their voyage after sunset. Besides the number and size of the English steamers which use the Canal, another thing should be remarked. Of the twenty-two ships of other nationalities in the Canal during the week ending on December 13, eight were sailing to or from English ports or English colonies.

"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

IT so happened that Mr. Spec (we must call him something for shortness, and he entirely denies any further resemblance to the Procurator of Judaea than the utterance of the above question, together with a certain fondness for washing his hands and, if Bacon is trustworthy, for jesting) happened to be at Cambridge Railway Station on Monday a little after one of the clock. And on passing under the stately colonnade of that building Mr. Spec was aware of a loafing pair—indeed several pairs—of persons clustering round one of the exit doors. They might by a very liberal estimate approach a hundred or two, being in all probability much nearer to the hundred than the two, and they consisted of the cabmen from the stand outside, of the unoccupied porters and hangers-on of the station, and of a small number of the general public. Their demeanour was interested, but marked by some levity. Thus one 'Arry, in the hearing of Mr. Spec, ejaculated, his face mantling with a pleasing grin, "Ome Rule!" and another 'Arry by his side dug him in the ribs, and clearly, if he had been a Frenchman, would have observed, "Farceur, va!" or something more fully flavoured, according to his taste. It therefore became clear to the mind of Mr. Spec (who knows all Bradshaw, and was aware that a train from Sandringham was just in) that Mr. Gladstone was expected. Mr. Spec was in a hurry, and he went on. However, when he got about twenty yards off, the mixed multitude of a hundred or so set up a cry which was actually audible across that vast distance, and the beloved of the people actually drove off. Whereupon Mr. Spec thought no more about it. But it so happened that next day he journeyed up to London and saw his newspapers, and this was how the newspapers reported the incidents of which the above is a faithful history:—"Mr. Gladstone arrived at Cambridge from Sandringham at a quarter-past one o'clock yesterday afternoon. He was met by Mr. and Mrs. Lyttelton and a number of prominent Liberals. Some two or three thousand people gathered outside the station, and cheered lustily for the Grand Old Man and Home Rule." The lusty cheers for Home Rule represent the above-mentioned facetiousness of 'Arry; the two or three thousand people outside the station represent the knot of loafers also described. After this Mr. Spec is perhaps justified in going about asking "What is truth?" He has at present obtained only one satisfactory answer, and that is but negative—"Truth is that which is not contained in the newspapers."

There seems, indeed, to have been some tricky sprite at work with newspaper Correspondents *à propos* of this visit to Cambridge, as witness this remarkable extract from the University intelligence of one of the most respectable of papers, the *Guardian*:—"Mr. Gladstone has paid a short visit to Cambridge. He dined in the Hall of Trinity on Monday night, and there was a considerable desire on the part of some of the townsfolk to see him either going or coming. He spoke a few sentences in the Combination Room, and even those who feel a strong repugnance to his policy could not but

be struck by the elegance of his diction." We own that we should rather like to feel the head of the person who wrote that last sentence. To begin with, what a remarkable fact that a man who dines at a College hall in Oxford or Cambridge should "utter a few sentences" in Combination or Common Room! It is nearly as unprecedented as that the eminent Mr. Jones when invited to dinner at a private house should not limit his conversation to the actual dinner-table. And then the "repugnance to the policy" and the "elegance of the diction." Most people know that Mr. Gladstone has a pleasant voice and speaks well, though as for elegance of diction in the strict sense we should hardly have thought it his forte. But why shouldn't a man have elegance of diction because his policy happens to be repugnant? Did this good person imagine that Mr. Gladstone has horns and a tail, and that a very disagreeable sulphury odour accompanies him? Did he expect to see some one who resembled the late Mr. Quilp in personal appearance, and who (for Quilp, if we remember rightly, spoke rather well) combined the language of a bargee with the pronunciation of a cockney 'Arry? There was once a child who had been brought up with persons of the class known to religious slang as "T. P.," and whose youthful mind had been fed by stories in which Roman Catholics, when they were not walling up nuns who showed Protestant tendencies, were usually forging wills, sowing discord between husband and wife, secretly burying the bones of young children, or indulging in other equally heinous but more immediately diverting occupations. When this child was about half grown up it happened that she met with some real live persons of the hideous sect. She was partly surprised and partly shocked. "How can they look like that," she said afterwards, "when they know they're so wicked?" So do the excellent correspondent of the *Guardian* wonder how Mr. Gladstone can talk that elegant when his policy is so horrid. We think we may safely offer to give most men living a stone and a beating in matter of repugnance for Mr. Gladstone's policy. But it really never occurred to us that he ought to punctuate his sentences with "Lawks!" or "My crikey!" or with words less vulgar, but more wicked, such as some men use.

However, this is a digression from the inquiry What is truth?—a digression warranted, perhaps, by the extreme improbability of arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. But let us return, and stay to ask the question of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, S.S. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, S.S., was instructing the Portsmouth Liberals how to get salvation on Wednesday, and he drew up for them certain maxims or rules which appear to have at least been meant to be witty. Two of them, which seem to have been aimed at Mr. Goschen and Lord Randolph Churchill respectively, do not seem to involve any question of truth or falsehood; two others, referring to Lord Salisbury and Sir M. Hicks-Beach, seem to involve such a question. "Never," says M. de la Rochefoucauld-Campbell-Chesterfield-Bannerman, "go to the Lord Mayor's Dinner and talk about a spirited foreign policy, if you have neither the intention nor the expectation of carrying it out." If this has any meaning at all (and even saved sinners are scarcely exempt from the obligation of attaching some to their own words), it means that Lord Salisbury did this. Now we should be very much obliged to Mr. Campbell-Bannerman if he would refer to a copy of Lord Salisbury's Guildhall speech, and point out any passages in which the promise of a "spirited foreign policy" which has not been carried out is contained. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, as a reward for his adult piety, may have been favoured with revelations as to the past which ordinary men do not possess, or he may be even endowed with prophetic faculties as to the future. But if he can tell us of any act, or neglect to act, on the part of Government during the last three months which contradicts or fails to carry out Lord Salisbury's exposition of English interests in Bulgaria, English relations to Austria, and English intentions with regard to the Treaty of Berlin, he will be a very clever man. And, if he cannot, we are afraid that it will become legitimate to add another negative answer to the list of answers to our query "What is truth?" "It is not what Mr. Campbell-Bannerman's maxims about Lord Mayors' dinner-speeches seem to imply."

But this is not the only addition to the list which Mr. Campbell-Bannerman furnishes. He went on (for maxim-making is a tempting and perilous art) to make a maxim about Ireland. "Before you call Irishmen robbers and swindlers for trying to procure an abatement of rent, ascertain that your own Chief Secretary has not put pressure on the landlords for the same purpose." Now our own opinion as to the said "pressure" is very well known. But we again feel much interested in two points about the maxim. First of all, Who has called Irishmen robbers and swindlers for trying to procure an abatement of rent? Lord Salisbury never did; Mr. Goschen never did; we never did; and it is not probable that any one out of Bedlam ever did. What Irishmen have been called robbers and swindlers for doing is for fraudulently and violently withholding the rent due when their applications, in themselves quite legitimate, have failed. And, if Mr. Campbell-Bannerman says that it is all one, we fear, we greatly fear, that this will not help him much. To "endeavour to procure" sixpence from a passing traveller is, by a perhaps harsh law, considered an offence, but we never heard it called robbing and swindling. To knock the passing traveller down and take the sixpence, when he refuses, is called robbing certainly, and to give him sixpence change in a commercial transaction when you should give him a shilling is called swindling. It is these latter processes which are analogous to the Irish method of proceeding, and not the former. Yet if we substitute the true

phrase for the false one, "Before you call Irishmen robbers and swindlers for withholding by fraud and violence rents which they can pay, ascertain that your own Chief Secretary has not used his influence to induce landlords to let off those who cannot pay," the maxim, somehow or other, seems to lose its point. Once more, *Interrogatum est*, "What is Truth?" *et responsum est*, "Not what Mr. Campbell-Bannerman says about calling Irishmen robbers and swindlers."

Now, if this is the case with a person occupying the peculiar position of Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, what is to be expected of less favoured Gladstonians, such as that, no doubt, well-intentioned liner, who, for the benefit of the press, magnified the hundred or two (to be very liberal) of loafers at the Cambridge Station into two or three thousand (the latter number must be about a twelfth of the whole population of the town), and turned the usual meaningless huzzay into lusty cheering for Home Rule? We don't suppose that he meant any harm. Numbers are, proverbially, difficult to reckon, and an experienced enumerator who had practised his art from the time of the great Anti-Corn-Law meetings once laid it down as a safe rule that you might divide by a divisor varying from three to twenty the results quite honestly given as to the numbers of any crowd by the average person, while a crowd simply never looked smaller than it actually was. Still it is a little awkward that these lapses, these *suggestiones falsæ*, do occur so frequently on the Gladstonian side. For it may happen that some evil-minded historian, noting their frequency in the future, may draw up a general, though still negative, answer to the general question, "What is truth?" "Not what was said by Gladstonians between 1880 and 1890 in England."

COUNTRY-HOUSE LIFE.

IT has often been said, and with much truth, that the great charm of England is the country-house life. In no other country in the world, unless perhaps to a certain degree in Hungary, is country-house visiting carried on to such an extent as in England. In England it is an institution, almost a business; for as soon as the season is over, those who are able and disposed to do so immediately begin to think of whom they may entertain, either during the autumn in Scotland, or later on in English country-houses. In English country-houses there are two descriptions of parties which are most popular—namely, those which are exclusively given for the sake of the shooting, and those which are for county and local balls, with, of course, some shooting, which, however, in most cases only takes a secondary place. The entertaining of the latter description of party is in these days quite a business, and in many cases a source of anxiety, to the host and hostess, for there are some very important points to be considered to make it a success. The party has to be asked some considerable time beforehand, so as to ensure getting the right people, and people that are congenial to one another; for nothing is more detrimental to the success of a country-house party than collecting together a lot of people who do not know one another, or who do not get on well together, or who have not congenial tastes. Then there are various little acts of tact and thoughtfulness that help to ensure a success. For instance, if during the season in London the hostess has noticed that Mr. A has shown a "penchant" for Miss B, and that Miss B's parents seem to favour it, then if the hostess remembers to invite Mr. A and the Bs at the same time she may feel sure that they at any rate will vote their visit a success; but she must be careful to make use of her knowledge acquired during the season, and not spoil it all by asking Mr. C at the same time, who also shows a "penchant" for Miss B, which is not looked upon with at all favourable eyes by Miss B's parents, as Mr. C has committed the most heinous offence of being but scantily endowed with this world's goods and of being without prospects.

When after considerable trouble and much writing and receiving of letters, a pleasant party has been got together for a week, which will probably include a ball or two, there are the domestic arrangements to be looked into, and nowadays the visitors at a country-house are most particular and seem to feel themselves deeply wronged if they are not entertained in the most sumptuous manner, with the best of creature comforts, and the most perfect wine and cuisine that can be procured.

We will suppose a party of this kind about to take place, with a county ball on the evening when the party meets. There is the arrival at the station, probably some small country station with only one suitable train in the afternoon. What chaos and confusion reign at the small and dimly-lighted station, with its station-master and one porter! In all probability this station serves several country-houses that are going to be filled for the week, and the various parties are all coming down by the same train. After the numerous greetings of acquaintances and frequent asking and answering of the question, "Where are you going to stay?" there comes the rush to find the conveyances to take the parties to their several destinations, every fly for miles round having been impressed into the service of conveying the guests to their different abodes for the week, and the hapless and distracted servants and solitary porter are left to the Herculean task of sorting the immense mountain of luggage that is piled up on the platform of the usually quiet wayside station, and getting it conveyed correctly to the same house as its owners. After the party has had the usual tea, and those who are unacquainted

have been duly introduced, and some desultory conversation has taken place, the guests are severally shown to their rooms, with the oft-repeated caution that "dinner is punctual to-night, because of the ball," and for a time calm and peace reign after the noise and bustle of the arrival of a large party.

Alas! that calm and peace are not of long duration, for Mr. X seeks his host, in a state of excitement, and informs him that his stupid servant has left his portmanteau at the station and brought some stranger's. Ere he has finished his story Lady Y appears, in a greater state of excitement, and complains bitterly that Miss Y's large basket-box, containing her ball and other dresses, has not turned up at all, and without that, it is impossible for her and her daughter to go to the ball that night. The host does his best to soothe his guests, and instantly despatches a man on horseback to the station to make inquiries and to follow up the errant luggage if he can gain any clue as to its whereabouts.

The dinner-gong sounds, and the guests troop down to dinner—Mr. X putting a bold face on the matter and coming down in his day clothes, and Miss Y having her dinner in her room, both sincerely trusting the messenger on horseback will bring them good news. About half through dinner the messenger returns, to say that Miss Y's box was left at the London terminus, and is now on its way down, and will be delivered in the course of an hour. Lady Y's face brightens, and for the rest of dinner she is a more amusing and pleasant companion. Unhappy Mr. X! nothing can be heard of his portmanteau, and he is in dire distress till Mr. T, who is not a dancing man, comes to his rescue, and lends him his dress-clothes, which fortunately fit him, and render him happy; and Mr. T gets the credit of being "the best fellow in the world," whereas he is delighted at a good excuse to escape a ball, with a long drive either way, and to be able to enjoy a quiet game of billiards and a comfortable smoke with some of the elders who are shirking their responsibilities. Then, after dinner, there is a great telling off of people into carriages, and the necessary arrangements for a smoking-carriage for those of the male portion who cannot do without their smoke, and also the ordering of an early carriage for those who wish to return home at a decent hour when they have looked about them a bit, and had supper.

The ball is a great success, the room is crowded, and all the large houses in the neighbourhood are well filled, and the two sets of people at the ball thoroughly enjoy themselves—namely, the local people, and the people who come down from town, and are staying at the various country-houses in the neighbourhood, though the two sets never amalgamate, as they are of course unknown to one another, and, after the manner of Englishmen in all parts of the world, look with suspicion and distrust at each other till formal introductions take place.

At an early hour of the morning the chaperons commence that most arduous and thankless task of collecting the party, with the view of returning home. What a task it is, some imploring for one more dance, others declaring they are engaged for the next dance, and cannot possibly throw their partners over; and others again, who cannot be found, hidden away in some cozy corner, enjoying a comfortable flirtation, and inwardly chuckling over their astuteness in escaping the supervision of the chaperon's eye; and, then, some who are collected preparatory to departure, while the others are being sought after, take the opportunity of slipping away for just another dance, and the Sisyphean task has to be begun over again.

At last all are collected, and a long and wearisome drive, trying indeed to most tempers, lands them at home, and they all make the best of their way to bed, after drinking some hot soup, somewhere about four A.M., with the exception of a few young and determined night-birds, who must have one cigar before turning in. In the morning it is the turn of the host and his gamekeepers to have their tempers tried; for at the time they should be starting to shoot half the number of guns have not yet appeared at breakfast. Some are still in bed, and one has got such a headache he cannot shoot; and when at last the party has been got together and has begun operations, the erratic shooting is a source of sorrow to the gamekeepers, and of anxiety to the host, who fears that the unstrung nerves of his party will make up for the immunity of fur and feather from death, by adding to the bag a specimen of the *genus homo*. But, thanks to good luck and to the energy of the host and the older members of the party in imploring the exhausted young dancers to "let them rise," they return home in safety, much refreshed by the air and exercise, and having got rid of their "heads," and join the fair portion of the party, who, having taken great care of themselves, and not having come down till they had thoroughly slept off the effects of their last night's dissipation, are quite fresh and ready to go through the same thing over again. In the evening dancing or round games or charades take place, and the party retires to bed at a somewhat more reasonable hour, with the view of resting preparatory to another ball. If the weather is kind, and there is skating going on, it relieves the host and hostess of the trouble of finding amusements for the ladies and non-shooters of the party, though many hosts and hostesses would do well not to try to amuse their guests as much as they do, but to leave them more to themselves, when they will make themselves happy each in his own way. Organized drives or walks seldom meet the wishes of all the party; some may want to read or write, while others may want to stroll off in different directions in twos or threes.

After four days of this kind of life, the party prepares to disperse, with the same bustle of departure as of arrival; and it is with somewhat of a feeling of relief, mixed with sorrow, that the

host and hostess find their party breaking up. When they are gone, they discuss the success of the party, and wonder what the departed guests are saying in the train on the way to town—whether they are saying the balls, the cook, and wine and shooting were bad, according to the custom of many who accept hospitality and then do nothing but abuse it, or whether they are saying they enjoyed themselves.

To the host and hostess of a large country-house a party is often but a thankless offering to society, as, after doing their utmost in asking a pleasant, congenial party, giving them everything of the best, and putting themselves to much inconvenience, the only thanks they get behind their backs, is their guests saying, "What a dull house to stay at, and how badly we were done! We will never stay there again"—gratitude for being asked never entering into the minds of the guests, who seem to think they are conferring a favour on their hosts by accepting their invitation.

SWORDSMEN'S CLUBS.

IN its New Year's number the *Century Magazine* publishes an account of the New York Fencers' Club in West Twenty-fourth Street, with vignettes illustrating the typical exercises of its members and sundry picturesque corners of the club-rooms. Judging from the woodcuts in question, it would seem that, among other interesting peculiarities, the swordsmanship of the New York fencers is perfectly cosmopolitan in its character. If we are right in our surmises, this is quite in harmony with the purpose of such institutions in our own times—namely, not of breeding a select society of nimble duellists, as in the good old days, but of enjoying in sympathetic company that "exciting game of skill, not altogether unmingled with chance," in all its ancient and modern varieties. Your quarrelsome swordsman of the conventional type sticks to the classical duelling weapon of his own country—the spada longa in Italy, the carolet in France, the spadron across the Rhine—and would look upon practice with any but his own special instrument as detrimental in the extreme.

In the tastefully arranged trophies which, as we are shown in the *Century*, adorn the walls of the New York fencing-rooms, we descry, of course, first of all, that "very diagram" of a fencing implement, reduced to the strictest limits necessary for actual existence, the modern featherweight French foil. Side by side with it hangs the light but more substantial *épée de combat*, with its lengthy grip and pommel, and other devices for easily "fingering the motion of the point," whose play, *Gallice* "jeu de terrain," differs as widely from the regulated foil practice as cross-country riding in an unknown district does from the *haute école* in the arena. We likewise see the sturdy broadsword of the familiar English pattern, heavy, perhaps, but more matter of fact and practical, keeping company with the more artificial fencing weapons of the Continent, the light French wooden waster or lath, the *krummer Säbel*—the perfection in matters of grip and basket-hilt—the whippy pointless *Schlager*, and the slender, deadly *Sciabla*.

The same cosmopolitanism is perceptible in the panoplies of protective implements, where the long German *Panzer*, familiar to all frequenters of University fighting-rooms, figures bulkily between French wire masks, hydrocephalous stick helmets, and *Fechthüte*, puffy fencing-gloves, and long-crispined elbow-guards. One of the vignettes represents a bout denominated single-sticks—that expression not having acquired the same specialized meaning in America which it has with us, but in which the connoisseur will recognize *l'art de la canne*, that is stick-play, pure and simple, without the artificial and utterly unwarrantable help of a hand-guard. Thus we are justified in concluding that the New York Fencers' Club patronizes the noble science of fence in all its recognized branches. This catholicism is much to be commended. It is, however, only possible in communities like England, where duelling is a thing of the past, or like the States, where matters of honourable difficulty are adjusted, whenever things must come "under the judgment of God," with powder and lead. Under such circumstances alone can fencing be much cultivated as a refined exercise without entailing suspicion of some *arrière-pensée* of utilitarianism.

The only other club of swordsmen in existence where, though in a lesser degree, variety in the art of defence and offence can be found, is the London Fencing Club in Cleveland Row. It was, we believe, the prototype of the New York institution; but on this subject Mr. Henry Eckford, the writer of the article in question in the *Century Magazine*, seems to have gathered some curious notions, which are so quaintly expressed that we cannot refrain from reproducing them verbatim:—

All over Europe the Universities foster sword or foil play of one kind or another, and in that nation apart which we call the City of London a club for fencing has existed there twenty years. The London Fencing Club, under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and having on its list many peers of the realm, is as aristocratic in its aims as the Fencers' Club of New York is democratic. It was founded in 1863 as a club for fencing and gymnastics, with a membership of three hundred, and helped to its present quarters by a paternal Government. It has two French and three English teachers, and from its nearness to St. James's is of practical use to the officers of the Queen's Household troops. It is said that the members are averse to allowing men in trade to enter its patrician doors. The club-house is a very good and convenient one, with dressing-rooms in the upper part of the hall, reached by steps; and the management is given to an honorable secretary, who is, and has been since the start, Captain George Chapman. To him is chiefly due the success of this excellent limited club.

We are quite ready to endorse the statement that the greater part of the success of the "excellent limited club" is due to the management of the "honourable" secretary, who not only always has been Captain George Chapman, but, Mr. Eckford might have added, is also one of the most scientific swordsmen of this age, and one who indeed in his more youthful days ranked with very few compeers. But we confess that the information that the premises in Cleveland Row were supplied by a paternal Government and certain other particulars given are decidedly novel. The characteristic luxury and comfort enjoyed by the members of the Cleveland Row fencing "floor" can be most directly traced to the great number of subscribing members, compared to that of the ardent devotees who avail themselves regularly of its advantages. Lastly, although the London Fencing Club has only been installed in its present characteristic premises some five-and-twenty years, its existence dates from very much further back. It is, indeed, as a fencing school, the oldest extant in the kingdom, if we except Angelo's in London and Roland's in Edinburgh, which were, however, never erected at any time into regular clubs.

In countries where the art of the sword is assiduously cultivated flourishing schools of fence have sometimes been converted into clubs or societies, very much, we should say, through the same process as some of our notorious coffee or chocolate houses of the last century developed into clubs according to the modern sense.

The frequent crossing of blades and exchange of hits in courtesy breed naturally the same sort of intimacy as frequent pledging in computation and tournaments of wit. Partialities arise leading to exclusiveness, and the fencing-room, with the services of its professor, is specially retained for the use of a circle of friends, at first on certain days, until finally the institution becomes a "limited club," to use Mr. Eckford's expression. Such was the origin of the New York Fencers' Club among others.

When it came into being [the writer says] less than half a dozen years, it found itself in an odd enough cradle, the den of Captain Hippolyte Nicolas on Sixth Avenue. From that dim past let those recall discussions concerning classical and non-classical fencing who were privileged to sit at the little suppers just when midnight and the last assault met. Whether the sabre had any chance against the bayonet crossed arguments with the question whether the salad mixed by the Captain was more like the music of Gluck or Gounod. Whilst one fencer worsted in the assault loudly maintained that the system of this floor lacked style, another gazed rapturously at the brown breasts of partridges peeping coyly from a white wrapping of bacon. Here was a brag of doughty deeds in Paris, there the specimen tale fresh from New Mexico unrolled its familiar properties of stilettes and unmanageable bronchos. From this baker's dozen of tall talkers rose the Fencers' Club, now ten times their numbers and certainly better swordsmen and more modest than of yore.

As one might expect, there are numerous fencing *cercles* in Paris, but they are comparatively recent institutions; the French are not characteristically a very clubbable people, and on this subject, strangely enough, it seems to have been the success of the London Fencing Club which set the fashion. Among the two best known must be mentioned the Académie d'Escrime, Rue des Pyramides, and the Société d'Escrime Française. The former, which meets on certain days in the well-known *salle d'armes* of the late Pons, aims at bringing about a revival of the *académies d'armes* of the *ancien régime*; as such it prefers to be conducted under the ancient *réglements*, and assumes the right of sporting the coat of arms granted two hundred years ago by Louis XIV. to those once flourishing institutions. The Société d'Escrime Française, which has its seat Rue St. Marc, has for object the fostering of the art of defence in all its national branches. M. Ernest Legouvé is one of its staunchest pillars. When talking about clubs it would be impossible not to mention the Cercle de l'Union Artistique, popularly known as the Mirlitons, one of the chief attractions of which is the fencing-room and the company of well-known "butchers of a silk button" who daily congregate therein.

The newest swordsmen's club in the world, the Cercle d'Escrime at Brussels, will, to all appearances, become one of the leading institutions of the kind. It is still very young, only entering on the third year of its existence. But the energy of its committee in organizing international tournaments and in dispensing hospitality to the true lovers of clinking blades in the perfect *salle d'armes* of their club-house has already done much to make of it a cosmopolitan centre of attraction for adepts of the foyning art. It will, no doubt, some day emulate the renown of the now extinct Académie de Bruxelles, which, tracing its origin to the time of the Spanish domination, held its own so proudly until it was swept away by the flood of French revolutionists. All these clubs, however, are very modern, or at best mere revivals. But there is, happily for lovers of ancient institutions, at least one of those old guilds of swordsmen, once so numerous, especially during the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, still extant at Ghent, under its original and grandiloquent appellation of *Confrérie Royale et Chevalière de St. Michel*. St. Michael appears to have been the patron of "experts at the white arm" in all countries. Concerning this interesting body, which has still some vitality—although some years ago it seemed threatened with the attack of dry rot, in an Uncommercial Traveller's sense—there are many apocryphal legends. One of these relates how the guild received its special title and privileges as a reward for its valorous behaviour during the long siege of Ostend in 1603, with the right, as an especial favour, for the syndic to wear the collar of the Golden Fleece on all occasions of pageantry. Unfortunately this is altogether incapable of proof, and seems the more impro-

bable as none of the *doyens* whose portraits figure in the council-chamber and elsewhere wear the decoration in question. Indeed, the collar which is now on occasion brought out of the muniment-chest and offered as being a Golden Fleece for the inspection of visitors can only be described as very distantly recalling the appearance of this distinguished order. It consists of a golden chain, the links of which are shaped into the initials of Albert and Isabella, alternately, sustaining an allegorical figure of St. Michael overcoming the Evil One, and a small globe of crystal, which encases the miniatures of the co-regents of the time. All that can really be ascertained about the actual history of this guild is that it has had unbroken existence at least since 1613, when it first was installed in the Drapers' Hall at Ghent, where it ever since remained as a Fencers' Club, and that it was in that year that it received the charter as a Royal and Knightly Brotherhood.

The quaint old rooms in the Drapers' Hall, with their pannelled walls covered with flags and trophies, their high-mantled chimney and raftered ceilings, have unfortunately been rather "improved" from time to time; but, on the whole, much of their original character has been preserved. They have been the scene of solemn and complicated passes with the traditional double-edged Spanish rapier and its companion the shell-dagger, of the more passionate and exciting practice with the long, vicious Italian tucks and slender French *verduns*. Later on, under the severe gaze of that row of past syndics, now forgotten dust, whose presentments in every variety of historical costumes now line the walls, many generations practised the more artificial and academic, but equally deadly, art of the small-sword, even as now the more proxy and methodical latter-day French foil is cultivated at the hand of the ubiquitous *maitre d'armes* from Joinville. In the council chamber below the fencing-rooms are kept various treasures, including the theoretical Golden Fleece, charters and parchments, plate and drinking-cups, medals, and the famous "Livre d'Or," which represent the bulk of what is left of this venerable Society's archives. The Confrérie de St. Michel was once so exclusive that only the very highest names of the Low Countries and foreign reigning personages were admitted to its members' list. In the Golden Book are found accounts of the various fencing tournaments held under the auspices of the Society, and the names of its members from the latter part of the last century till the present. Among these figures the signature of our Iron Duke. Unfortunately, it would appear that the minutes were not kept so carefully in older days. No account whatsoever, for instance, can be found of the renowned Thibaut d'Anvers, who was, as we know from the various dedications which appear in his monumental work, *L'académie de l'Espée*, patronized by several of the leading members of the brotherhood. It seems incredible that he should never have been called upon to demonstrate before them his ingenious mathematical combinations for deftly running an adversary through the eye.

In no country is there so much fencing done as in Germany. Fencing of a very specialized kind, it is true, not as a mere refined exercise, but for the purpose of frequent duelling. But the innumerable *Fechtboden*, so assiduously frequented by the Corps Burschenschaft, and other societies of students, wherever the *mensur* is kept in honour, can never be looked upon in any way as fencing clubs; for, although the *Universitäts Fechtmeister*, being accredited by the authorities, might well nigh be looked upon as a university officer, and, as such, the presiding referee of an exclusive community, his rooms must remain open, not only to the most discordant and antagonistic "Societies," but even to the outer Philistine.

To return to the London Fencing Club and its happy imitator in New York, these are the first institutions of the kind founded in the rational and warrantable modern spirit for the nurturing of skilful swordsmen, but not of duellists. Had Mr. Eckford adverted to this point, and not to the "vague identification of fencing with the aristocracy," his remark that "it is the boast of the United States that a good thing is not rejected, because at one time it served a bad master," would have been very pithy indeed, especially as he goes on to describe almost immediately how it encourages "self-control, forbearance, fair play, and most of the minor virtues of good breeding."

THE ABBÉ ROUSSEL.

THE "eldest daughter of the Church" has for some time past manifested an unmistakable disposition to treat her venerable parent much after the fashion of Goneril and Regan. It is a far cry from Louis XIV. and the *ancien régime* to President Grévy and the Republic of 1887, but in no respect perhaps is the contrast more remarkable than as regards the attitude of the Government towards Catholicism, which in France at the present day—it was not so then—practically means towards Christianity. We are by no means intended to imply that the ecclesiastical policy of the *Grand Monarque* was consistent with the highest Catholic or Christian ideal, still less that it would be desirable, even were it possible, to revive it now. We may go further, and say, without risk of contradiction, that the hypocritical and persecuting orthodoxy of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is largely responsible for the aggressive atheism of the nineteenth. Père la Chaise and Père Letellier, backed up as they were in this matter by the authority of nearly the whole French episcopate—for Fénelon was a kind of Abdiel among his brethren—were the religious

progenitors of Gambetta and Paul Bert on the principle of progress by antagonism. If "clericalism is the enemy," and—as the *Times*' Correspondent put it the other day—"every creed is looked upon as a crime," clericalism unfortunately, when it was in the ascendant, did much to provoke reprisals. Historical antipathies die very hard, and the galleys and dragonnades of Louis are as little forgotten in France as the Marian burnings—even apart from the gratuitous unwisdom of the Roman Court in going out of its way to recall them—are forgotten in England. When Louis XIV., on expressing his fear that the tutor proposed for the Dauphin was a Jansenist, was assured that he was "only an atheist," and replied "Oh, that matters nothing," he little dreamt of a time coming for his country when the distinction of Catholic and Jansenist would be merged in a general intolerance of the Christian name by those who "regard every creed as a crime." Those who bestow only a passing attention on the debates in the French Chambers will have no difficulty in recalling plentiful illustrations of this spirit, though some improvement has taken place since M. Goblet became premier. But it has during the present week been still more unpleasantly illustrated in the law courts by a trial which the *Times*' reporter not unreasonably calls humiliating for those who provoked it with a purpose only too obvious, throwing as it does a melancholy light on the bitterness of religious party passions in France. To say that Clericalism is the enemy is a pretty sweeping indictment; but to say—with those who got up this discreditable business—that every cleric, however unimpeachable his character and his active beneficence, is to be treated as an enemy against whom all weapons are legitimate, is to go a step further and lower still. That nevertheless is the only intelligible explanation of the case of the Abbé Roussel on which judgment was pronounced last Monday night, or rather at 1 A.M. on Tuesday morning. It tells its own tale.

The Abbé Roussel had established at Auteuil an institution called *L'Œuvre des Apprentis*, which was visited not long ago by the Queen of Greece. It has rescued thousands of children from a life of vice, if not of crime, and trained them up as good citizens and industrious artisans. So conspicuous indeed was the success that a bequest recently left by an Englishman to a Paris orphanage, without specifying which, was awarded by the English tribunals to the Abbé Roussel. It is hardly necessary to say that he brings them up as Catholics, nor do we quite understand why the *Times*' Correspondent should think "it might be better if he were less exclusive," especially as he at once adds that "they are generally Catholics to begin with, and a priest cannot be expected not to make proselytes." How a priest or anybody else can make people "proselytes" to the faith they already profess is not very clear. And if it be true, as the same writer goes on to observe, that "even those who condemn this exclusiveness must think it better for these unfortunates to become [he apparently means to remain] Catholics than to grow up lawless and creedless," what else was to be done with them? Catholicism if not the Established is anyhow the national religion of France—"dominant," if we remember rightly, is the phrase of the Code Napoléon—and it is surely as much matter of course that children in French orphanages, in the absence of any special directions from their parents, should be brought up as Catholics, if they are to learn any creed at all, as that children in an English orphanage under similar circumstances should be brought up in the Anglican Church. Nor is it irrelevant to note in this connexion the recent declaration of the Minister of Public Instruction, when vindicating the retention of the chaplains at the *lycées*, that a great number of parents would remove their boys if they were suppressed; the experiment had been actually tried, he added, at some *lycées*, with the result that half the pupils were removed. The Abbé Roussel then had a good deal to say for his "exclusiveness" in bringing up these orphan boys whom he had rescued from the gutter in his own religion, which is also that of their country. But there is a large party in France who do not at all consider it better for children to be trained as Catholics than to grow up "lawless and creedless," but very much the reverse. Accordingly one of the organs of that party some months ago announced a terrible scandal. A priest in high position was reported to have seduced a girl, Annette Harchoux by name, placed her in lodgings, and eventually left her with a cheque for 1,000 francs. Other newspapers followed suit, till at last the case was taken up by the judicial tribunals, and on Monday last Annette took her trial for forgery and theft.

The case appears to have excited a very widespread interest. The crowd was enormous, the court being thronged by ladies and men of all ranks in society, and not a seat in the hall left vacant anywhere, while members of the Bar filled the whole of the gallery allotted to them. Fortunately for M. Roussel, and for the interests of justice, the presiding judge, M. Cartier, is an enlightened and impartial magistrate. For it soon became clear that the case took its rise in an organized plot against the clergy. The girl was shown to have already committed a theft, which she had admitted; she had moreover written a letter to the Abbé Roussel admitting her guilt and expressing contrition for it. And there the affair might have ended, but those who got it up were resolved it should proceed, and encouraged the girl—who displayed a shameless effrontery throughout—to repudiate her previous admissions, and press her charge against the Abbé of having seduced her together with two other girls, whom she promised to call as witnesses; she said her relations with him were such as would have justified her in drawing the cheque in

his name, but that in fact he drew it himself. M. Roussel calmly denied her statements and supported his denial by the evidence of a long train of witnesses. Not one of Annette's allegations would bear scrutiny; it was proved that she had lived an abandoned life, had committed thefts, obtained money on false pretences, and that she had forged this particular cheque. Her own witnesses completed her discomfiture, and when the evidence was closed, everybody in court was convinced of the utter worthlessness of her charges, and saw that M. Roussel's character came out scatheless from this infamous conspiracy. His counsel, M. Falateuf, had an easy task, and in the midst of his address the girl, perceiving the complete exposure of her plot, burst into hysterical sobs, whereupon he begged, in the name of his client, that "extenuating circumstances" might be allowed her, in consideration of her youth and of her being the mere catspaw of an anti-clerical conspiracy. It was, we presume, in compliance with this request, according to the peculiar notions of administering justice in France, that the jury, who retired at twenty minutes after midnight, and were absent for nearly an hour, brought in a verdict finding Annette not guilty of forgery, but guilty of theft with extenuating circumstances. For her guilt had been equally demonstrated in both respects, and indeed, if she had not forged the cheque, it might have been difficult to prove that she had stolen it. She was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. That a priest of spotless character, who has made his mark as an energetic and eminently successful philanthropist, should be selected as the victim of this dastardly conspiracy supplies an ugly though hardly perhaps abnormal or unexpected illustration of the frantic virulence of the anti-Catholic—not to say anti-Christian—propaganda so active just now in France. And the most obvious reflection suggested is that the cause must be not only a very bad but a very weak one which can avail itself of such truly "devilish machinery" for its purposes. The *Times*' writer draws the inference that celibate priests had better confine their attention henceforth to orphanages for boys, forgetting apparently that if there are to be orphanages for girls, these also require clerical directors, who in Roman Catholic countries must necessarily be celibates. The true moral of the story—and it has an application nearer home which our readers will have little difficulty in recognizing for themselves—is that charges of seduction trumped up by young women like Annette Harchoux and their *soi-disant* patrons, whether against lay or clerical offenders, must be subjected to a very searching investigation by trained experts before any credit whatever can be attached to them.

THE RAILWAY DIVIDENDS.

THE railway dividends for the second half of last year are satisfactory so far as they have yet been declared. Of thirteen of the principal Companies whose dividends have been announced, only one pays a lower rate of dividend than at this time last year—that is, the Great Northern. According to the traffic returns issued every week during the half-year the Company earned barely 1,387*l.* more than in the corresponding half of 1885; but the length of lines had been increased by ten miles. While, therefore, the mileage was larger, practically the earnings were stationary, and, after all, the falling off in dividend is not considerable; the rate now announced is 5½ per cent. per annum, against 6 per cent. per annum for the second half of 1885. Of the remaining twelve Companies five pay the same rates of dividend as twelve months ago, and seven pay higher rates of dividend. According to the weekly traffic returns, seventeen principal Railway Companies of the United Kingdom earned only 128,000*l.* more than in the second half of 1885. This was a very small increase considering the magnitude of the capital on which dividends are paid, and would seem to justify only in special instances any increase of dividend. It is, therefore, extremely satisfactory to find that, out of thirteen principal Companies, more than half announce dividends higher than for the second half of 1885, that five pay as much as in that period, and that only one declares a lower rate. The reason why so many Companies have been able to increase their rate of dividend is largely no doubt owing to the fact that the increase in gross earnings was in the great majority of cases in the carriage of passengers. Passengers, of course, are carried much more cheaply than goods, and consequently there is a larger proportion of the earnings net profit; but this is not all. There were, undoubtedly, considerable savings effected during the past half-year. For instance, the gross earnings of the North-Eastern for the second half of last year were, according to the weekly traffic returns, over 54,000*l.* less than in the corresponding half of 1885; and yet the North-Eastern pays the same rate of dividend as it did twelve months ago. Clearly there must have been large savings effected here. The loss in this case was entirely in goods, there having been, indeed, an increase of about 5,000*l.* in passengers; and it would almost seem as if the goods traffic lost had yielded no profit to the Company. Again, the North London's gross earnings were 3,000*l.* less than in the second half of 1885, and it also pays the same rate of dividend as twelve months ago. More remarkable still, the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Company's gross earnings were 9,000*l.* less than in the second half of 1885; and yet that Company has declared a dividend of 4 per cent., while twelve months ago the dividend was only 3½ per cent.

The explanation in all these cases is that the extremely low prices now ruling have enabled the Companies to enter into very advantageous contracts. They obtain all commodities cheaper than before, and doubtless they have likewise reduced their wages bill. It is to be hoped, however, that the various Companies are not pushing economy too far. It is to be noticed in the reports that so far have been issued that the greatest retrenchment is in the maintenance of way and works and in locomotive expenses. The fact that there has been a considerable falling off in goods traffic justifies us in assuming that generally the Companies have reduced their train mileage, and this would account for the decreased locomotive charge; but it is to be recollected that some of the Companies have anticipated possible legislative interference by reducing their rates on the carriage of goods. In maintenance of way and works, however, it is possible that economy may be pushed too far, that the lines may be allowed to go out of condition, and that thus what is now paraded as savings is really a postponement of necessary repairs.

As regards the half-year upon which we have entered, there can be no doubt that the prospects are favourable. An outbreak of war would, of course, derange trade; but it would stimulate certain branches of trade—those that are ancillary to war—and it is quite possible that the stimulus given to some branches of trade would counterbalance the check given to other branches. In any case, the probability is that even war, provided this country kept out of it, would not check the trade improvement which has now set in. Our readers are aware that the revival is very general, that hitherto it has been slight, but that all the same it is becoming very marked. Even if there were to be a Continental war, this improvement would not be entirely stopped. Undoubtedly it would be checked, but it would not be entirely stopped, because, as we have said, a stimulus would be given to certain branches of trade. If the war were to last but a very short time, as the two last great wars in Europe lasted, then the stoppage of production in the belligerent countries during military operations and the waste of wealth always attendant upon a great war would create a very powerful demand for British commodities on peace ensuing, and an extraordinary stimulus might be given to trade; perhaps not so great a stimulus as followed the conclusion of the last Franco-German War, but still a stimulus somewhat similar to that. If peace can be preserved there can no longer be a doubt that trade will improve, and with trade improvement the traffic of the Railway Companies must increase. It may be thought inconsistent with our contention, that whether there is war or peace trade will improve, that during the past half-year there has been a falling off in goods earnings and an increase in passenger earnings, but there is no inconsistency in the matter. Trade improvement was exceedingly gradual and slow last year, and trade improvement always begins in a rise of prices. Then there follows increased production with naturally increased employment of labour, and it is only afterwards that the railways benefit from a great movement of goods. The goods have to be manufactured and despatched to their destinations before they can materially benefit the Railway Companies. The progress of a trade revival being such as we have stated, the natural consequence is that capitalists and employers of labour benefit first, and then wage-earners, and, this being so, it is natural that passenger traffic should first give evidence of trade improvement; but, if trade improvement goes on and railway traffics increase, railway profits will increase likewise, and consequently railway dividends. It is not probable that savings can continue to be effected in the current half-year. We are inclined to think, indeed, that savings have been carried rather too far, in some instances at least. It is certain that the Railway Companies, even the greatest of them, have drawn heavily upon stocks, and have bought as little new stock as possible. These Companies, now that the times begin to mend, will have to replenish their stocks, and thus to increase their outlay; while the Companies less satisfactorily circumstanced probably did not satisfy themselves with merely drawing upon stocks, but postponed repairs, and allowed some portions of their lines to go out of repair. These, as soon as circumstances improve, will have likewise to engage in a large expenditure. We do not, therefore, anticipate continued savings; but for some time to come it is probable that there will be no material increase in expenditure. By-and-bye expenditure will rise as well as gross earnings; there will be a rise in wages; there will be a heavy outlay in repairs and maintenance of way and works, and in all kinds of working expenses; and when the trade improvement comes to an end, and depression begins to set in, the increase in working expenses will go on, while earnings will tend to fall off. But that time is yet distant we may hope, and the immediate future promises favourably for railway shareholders.

There are two points of special interest to the railway shareholder, though they do not perhaps immediately affect him. One is the question of rates and fares. For years past, as our readers are aware, there has been an agitation for a Railway Rates Bill, and such a Bill, if carried, will probably compel the Companies to lower their rates. Some of them, indeed, have voluntarily reduced their goods rates in consequence of the agitation. In the long run a reduction of rates, it may be assumed, would not injure the Companies. There has been an extraordinary fall in prices of every kind, but the Railway Companies have not reduced their rates in proportion; and if it be true that the rates when originally imposed were fair to all parties, it follows that they can hardly be fair to trade now. But rates fixed according to present prices would give the Railway

Companies all that they can equitably ask, and at the same time would benefit trade. Everything that benefits trade must benefit the Railway Companies; and, in the long run, it may be assumed that a good Railway Rates Bill would not be injurious to the Railway Companies. But the first effect, by lowering rates, would be injurious; and, therefore, a Railway Rates Bill must always be borne in mind when estimating the probable future of railway shareholders. One other question is the effect of the extraordinary fall of prices upon railway shareholders. The extraordinary fall of prices has to some extent not affected shareholders, because rates and fares have not been reduced in proportion to the reduction of prices generally. When the reduction is effected, it is obvious that it must fall altogether upon the ordinary shareholders. The debenture interest and the guaranteed and preference dividends are fixed; it is only what remains after these fixed charges are paid that can be distributed amongst the ordinary shareholders. Therefore every reduction in gross earnings due to the extraordinary fall in prices must be borne by the ordinary shareholders. The ordinary shareholders, it is true, benefit, inasmuch as all that they buy is obtained by them at lower prices; but they do not benefit to the full extent, inasmuch as the net profits are divided between themselves and the debenture-holders and guaranteed and preference shareholders, and these three classes do not lose any of the interest and dividend to which they are entitled, they being fixed quantities. The whole loss, therefore, falls on the ordinary shareholders.

TWO NEW FRENCH OPERAS.

THE dearth of successful operas from which the musical world has been suffering for the last few years causes every fresh work to be anxiously scanned, in the hopes that another *Carmen* or *Mefistofele* may arise to swell the repertories of operatic impresarios. Since the death of Wagner, Germany seems to have exhausted its productive powers; while Italy, though her composers still pour forth new operas by the score, has barely, with the exception of Boito and Verdi, a single name on her roll of musicians which is of more than local reputation. In France there are more signs of healthy activity. The school of opera which arose in Paris in the middle of the last century has preserved a continuous existence down to the present day, mainly owing to the capacity which it has displayed from the first of effecting revolutions from within, and of reforming its style from time to time in order to suit modern requirements, whilst strenuously retaining all that is good in its old traditions. But, though the French school of opera thus enjoys a vitality which is almost unique, it is curious that the public to which it appeals has always been singularly deficient in critical insight. Whether this arises from the conditions under which French criticism is carried on, or whether from the very vitality of the school—a vitality which enables it always to be a little in advance of public opinion—these are questions which cannot be here discussed; but the fact remains that the verdict of a Parisian audience is by no means to be looked upon as final, and is very often reversed on appeal to a wider public. To name but the most recent examples; Bizet's *Pêcheurs de Perles*, a charming setting of an uninteresting book, after failure in Paris, and suffering years of neglect, is being played with extraordinary success throughout Italy; and it is almost safe to predict that in the long run the best opera produced last year will prove to be M. Widor's *Maitre Ambros*, which was barely a *succès d'estime* at the Opéra Comique in the summer. For these reasons the recent production in Paris of two new operas by comparatively unknown composers is an event of some interest to the musical world. M. Paladilhe, the composer of *Patrie*, and M. Salvayre, the composer of *Egmont*, are both no longer in their first youth. The former when still a boy showed signs of extraordinary promise, but unfortunately ruined his prospects by the success which his ephemeral *Mandolinata* achieved, a success upon which he has been content to rest. An opera of his produced some few years ago at the Opéra Comique was a quasi-failure, mainly owing to the ridiculous nature of the book, in which a peasant girl is represented disguised as a boy, following her lover when he goes up to Cambridge as an undergraduate. In spite of these absurdities, the music of *Suzanne* is so charming that it was at one time announced for production at Covent Garden, and some of the songs from it were actually published in England with a statement that they were sung at that theatre.

Of M. Gaston Salvayre even less is known here than of M. Paladilhe. His opera, *Le Bravo*, performed at the Gaité in 1877, was looked upon as showing great promise, and his talent seemed to point to the possibility of his obtaining high rank as a composer of serious opera, a position to which nothing in M. Paladilhe's previous performances justified his aspiring. It cannot be said that either *Patrie* or *Egmont* has done much to alter the position of either composer. The former work was heralded with a great flourish of trumpets by the French press, and has attracted good houses, mainly owing to the way in which it is mounted and the admirable interpretation it has received at the hands of the principal artists. The book is an adaptation by the author and M. Gallet of M. Sardou's fine play of the same name, an English version of which saw the light at the Queen's Theatre under Miss Henrietta Hodson's management. The story

of Count Rysor, who sacrifices his vengeance on his wife's lover for the sake of his country, while his wife betrays the plot in which her husband and (without her knowledge) her lover are involved, and thereby causes the death of both, is one of the most powerful conceptions of the modern stage; but in turning it from a play into an opera it has lost in dramatic force, and not gained the necessary lyrical form to fit it for musical treatment. Meyerbeer might perhaps have made something out of it, but M. Paladilhe has been utterly overweighed. His talent is clearly not dramatic; his treatment of the long dialogues, upon which so much of the action depends, is monotonous and tedious; and his orchestration is noisy without being impressive. Almost the only number which leaves any impression is the ensemble in the middle of the first act, where the daughter of the Duke of Alva has set free the Flemish prisoners, who mingle their prayers for blessings on her with the Ave Maria, sung at the ringing of the Angelus by the Spanish soldiers. This is really a clever and effective piece of writing. In the lighter parts of the opera, such as the scene at the Duke's palace in the second act—introduced for the sake of the ballet, which is a *sine quâ non* at the Grand Opéra—the composer is more at home, and much of the music here is bright and charming; but in the last two acts, where the dramatic interest becomes intense, he utterly fails to grasp the situation, and the general impression left is that the play would be a deal more interesting if the music were omitted. Of the performance nothing but praise can be said. M. Lassalle's Rysor is one of the finest pieces of acting we have seen on the operatic stage, while Mme. Krauss as Dolores and M. de Reszké as the Duke are equally good, M. Duc and Mme. Bosman completing a caste which it would be hard to rival.

As to M. Salvayre's *Egmont* a few words must suffice. The composer has been unfortunate in his book, which is an ill-digested and ill-arranged series of scenes, bearing but slight resemblance to Goethe's tragedy, without strong interest or dramatic situations, and entirely unfitted for such a house as the Opéra Comique. The work, too, is poorly mounted; and the orchestra, upon which large demands are made, did not appear up to the mark; though the cast was good, including such artists as MM. Talazac, Taskin, and Soulaçroix, with that admirable singer Mme. Isaac as Claire. A single hearing of the work leaves the impression that M. Salvayre is a musician of high aims, who has studied his Berlioz with assiduity, and is more at home in writing for an orchestra than for the voice. There is much in *Egmont* to commend; yet the work is unsatisfactory, and is not likely to survive, principally owing to the badness of the book, but also, it must be owned, to the absence of that indefinable something—genius.

MR. CLIFFORD HARRISON'S RECITALS.

MR. CLIFFORD HARRISON began another series of twenty-four recitals on the 1st of January. Each succeeding year finds him steadily improving in his art. His *In Memoriam* recitations from Charles Kingsley's works on the 23rd of January were as well rendered as they were interesting, and he showed his love and appreciation of Charles Dickens by the admirable way in which he recited the *Christmas Carol* last Saturday. Mr. Clifford Harrison must be congratulated on his plan of occasionally devoting the first part of his recitations to one author. For instance, on the 5th of February he has chosen Browning as his poet; on the 19th, Tennyson; on the 12th of March, Byron; whilst the second parts are filled up miscellaneously. Altogether his recitations this year promise to be more attractive than ever. Success is well deserved by Mr. Clifford Harrison, who from the beginning of his present career has conscientiously worked to improve himself more and more in his art.

THE SELDEN SOCIETY.

THE Society for the historical study of English law which is to be named after Selden, himself the most illustrious in a generation of notable students of legal antiquity, could not have been founded under better auspices. At the preliminary meeting held in Lincoln's Inn Hall last Saturday Lord Justice Fry presided, and the Lord Chief Justice stood godfather to the newly-born Society with his accustomed felicity of diction. Lord Justice Lindley also took an active part in the proceedings, and Lord Justice Bowen was prevented only by illness from doing the like. The first resolution was moved by Mr. Phelps, in the capacity, not so much of Minister of the United States, as of a brother lawyer from Vermont, a State which has preserved the ancient forms of the Common Law in almost pristine purity. Such names make it perhaps needless to anticipate or refute the silly charge of being unpractical which is always raised against attempts to extend the scope or improve the methods of any branch of the moral and political sciences. People who still think the rule of thumb all-sufficient in the law will have no grievance. Nobody compels them to join the Selden Society. Time will show whether rule of thumb wins in the long run against science even for the most strictly practical ends of business. American lawyers, not exactly an unpractical folk, have long ago satisfied themselves

that it does not. However, it is worth recalling that the standing of the learned professions, and the consideration which they enjoy above other ways of bread-winning, depend mainly upon the presumption that their professors do not regard them as existing for the sake of bread alone. A physician or lawyer who should exclusively and constantly look on his art from a tradesman's point of view would be entitled to no greater measure of respect than an honest cheesemonger; nay, to less, for he could not and would not be truly honest. But, whatever lawyers may now and then say (and they are not a little given to ironical sayings against themselves), such is not and never has been the spirit of the law in civilized countries. For that very reason it has a history worth knowing; and the value of the English part of that history is attested by many students who are not lawyers, and by some who are free even from the suspicion of national prejudice. M. Glasson, of Paris, has produced a monumental work on the history of English legal institutions; Mr. Paul Vinogradoff, of Moscow, has made peaceful conquests in the British Museum and the Bodleian which are pleasanter to think of than Central Asian disputes, and which, we hope, may bear fruit after those are forgotten.

We come, then, to the practical question, What can the Selden Society do? The scale of its work must of course depend on the amount of support that is forthcoming. It is impossible at present, for example, to say how far it will be able to undertake on its own account the editing of unpublished materials. But there is one kind of useful and unobtrusive work that much needs doing, and can be begun without delay, and not only without hindrance to greater things when they can be taken up, but with positive advantage to them. We mean the concentration and putting in order of the abundant material of legal history which, though not unpublished, is practically of little more use than if it remained in MS., because it exists in a dispersed condition, and the men who would best know how to use it do not know where to find it. Local antiquaries discover this or that record of the mediæval history of land tenure, or the position of foreign merchants, which may peradventure supply the very link of evidence the historical lawyer is in search of. But the antiquary does not see, nine times out of ten, the inference of law, and it is a precarious chance whether the lawyer ever hears of the fact. It is no blame to either of them, but the discovery is practically thrown away. Again, it often happens to lawyers, especially real property lawyers, to come in the way of their business on facts of local nomenclature or usage which may afford historical clues of considerable value; but the chances are that the press of business will not allow the finder to follow up such things, and either they are wholly lost sight of, or at best they are put away in a note-book, exposed to all the risks of oblivion and accident. The Selden Society will provide, so to speak, a house of call for information that would otherwise pass unconsidered. Two specific works which are much wanted will be directly furthered by operations of this kind, and it is hoped that the Society itself may undertake one or both of them—namely, a bibliography of the accessible materials for the general history of the law, and a dictionary of archaic legal words. Both of these would be of no small use to practitioners in cases involving research into ancient records and customs, and the importance of such cases has been steadily increasing of late years. The dictionary is the more needed of the two, for at present nothing at all adequate exists. The old-fashioned law dictionaries are neither complete nor trustworthy; they repeat one another without verification, and leave whole departments—the language of the Year-Books, for instance—almost untouched; besides containing no small amount of mere rubbish, concerning which Dr. Murray could tell some tales. Du Cange is helpful so far as his field coincides with the specially English student's, but that is not very far.

Another thing the Selden Society can and ought to do, when it has given such proofs as will make its opinion carry a certain weight, is to bring the reasonable and moderate pressure of that opinion to bear on eminent persons who have the disposal of public or quasi-public moneys applicable to historical publications of national interest. Experience has shown that the good intentions of persons having this kind of authority are not always guided by adequate knowledge. Judicious counsel from an independent and competent body may help to ensure the right documents being edited, and (which is more) their not being edited incompetently. So may the name of Selden, who knew very well the difference between good and bad editing, be piously and fitly honoured.

Probably the Society will have enough to do for a while without endeavouring to organize research in any specified field of legal history; but the origin of the Society in the recent Domesday Commemoration, the widespread interest of the subject itself, and the unsettled condition of our present knowledge, all point to the history of tenures and of the constitution of the manor as its first *Excursiongebiet*, if we may borrow a useful term from the Swiss Alpine Club. One or two speakers at the meeting, in their anxiety to magnify what historical science has already done, somewhat underrated what remains for it to do. We are very far indeed from knowing all about the early village community and its customs, which some people persist in calling "the Mark System"; though system is not a happy name for a type of customary landholding found in many widely distant parts of the world in generally similar outlines, but in forms much varied in detail by local circumstances, and there is no real evidence, in England at all events, for the use of the word *mark*

in that sense. We do not even know the exact relation between the state of things recognized in the Domesday Survey and the state of things which had been established when Littleton fixed the legal theory of tenures in its classical form. The tasks that lie before English scholars in this field can be accomplished only by the steadfast and active alliance of history and law, and we trust that in the Selden Society historians and lawyers may find a common base of operations.

DANDY DICK AT THE COURT THEATRE.

DANDY DICK, which is now being given at the Court Theatre, may rank with Mr. Pinero's happiest farcical efforts. Our readers must be already familiar with the story, which, though highly improbable, is full of fun and incident. It may seem unfortunate that a Dean should be held up as a subject for derisive merriment; but when the part is played by such an actor as Mr. John Clayton all suspicion of offence must vanish. The Dean's goodness of heart and courtesy of manner, added to his sense of humour, the expression of which has, we think, been misapprehended by some critics, redeem his character from hypocrisy, though not from weakness. His scene with his old college friend, Sir Tristram Mardon (well acted by Mr. Edmund Maurice), which recalls their college days and his old love of sport, not to mention the long-forgotten slang expressions, quite prepares one for the ensuing revelations of his knowledge of horses, and indeed one is hardly surprised when in a weak moment he yields to the temptation of betting on his sister's racehorse, which by a complication of circumstances has found its way into his stables. His interview with his ex-cook, Hannah Topping, when by another unlucky complication of events he is shut up in "the strong box" at St. Marvell's, is most humorously given.

Mr. Arthur Cecil plays the small but necessary part of Blore, the butler, with his usual skill and force. The varying expressions of his face, as he is by turns smooth and oily, huffy with his young ladies, cunning about the horse, terrified when he is found out, self-satisfied again when he and his master agree to keep their betting transactions dark, are capably kept up. Mrs. John Wood as the Dean's racing sister seemed at first to play with some constraint; but as the piece went on she entered completely into *la peau de "George Tid,"* as her comrades called her. Mrs. John Wood makes a character which in other hands might be a trifle too slangy, agreeable by putting forward its genial good-nature and kindheartedness.

The two girls—the Dean's daughters—are acted with spirit; though, as in the *Schoolmistress*, we are inclined to think Miss Norreys a little exaggerated in her representation of Sheba, whilst Miss Marie Lewis, as Salome, hardly acts with enough go. In the first scene, when his daughters are trying to coax the Dean into a good temper, Sheba lies flat on a table by his side, whilst Salome kneels at his knee. This strikes one as natural enough, and is amusing the first time it is done; but when it is repeated action for action again in the last act, it ceases to amuse, and becomes tiresome. The dialogue between the two girls in the opening scene is very bright and full of fun, and Miss Norreys makes the most of it. Mr. Kerr as Major Tarver, a gentleman "with only half a liver," and Mr. H. Eversfield as Mr. Darbey, a young officer with a deal of swagger, are both particularly good. The ease of their acting makes their absurd situations seem quite natural. Miss Laura Linden's representation of Hannah Topping, the Dean's former cook, now married to a policeman, is all that can be desired. Her faithfulness to her old master, and her determination to get him out of his scrape, even at the cost of deceiving her husband, are admirably portrayed. Mr. W. H. Denny as the said policeman might have been brought up to the calling, so true is his impersonation. There is not an action, not a look that betrays he could possibly be anything else but a policeman and a jealous husband. Mr. W. Lugg as Hatcham, Sir Tristram's groom, is also excellent. In fact, all the parts are good, all are well played; and, if people want to have a good laugh, they may get it at the Court Theatre.

IN THE TWO HOUSES.

PARLIAMENT has now been in Session for a week of days—literally a *sen'night*. It has not been a creative week. Nothing has been done, and amid incessant babble nothing has been said. There has been a confused murmur of voices. The Temple of Talk has been reopened. We do not suppose that Chaucer had any prophetic foresight of the growth and development of Parliamentary institutions when he described the House of Fame, but his language is accurately descriptive of the House of Commons as it now is as if he had been one of those picturesque reporters who are the ornament and glory of the nineteenth century—

Ne never rest is in that place,
That it is filled full of tidings,
Either loud or of whisperings,
And ever all the Houses angles,
Is full of rownings and of jangles,
Of werres, of peace, of marriages,
Of rests, of labour, of viages.

The House of Commons has been reformed into an incapacity for business and into an equal incapacity for debating. It seems to have lost the power at once of action and of rational and articulate speech. The debates of the last seven days may be summed up in the message of Mr. Taper, "Wishy is down; Wasby is up." When Wasby is down, Wishy is up again, and when Wishy resumes his seat, Wasby is on his legs. The House is really an assembly of Wishys and Washys, and the Parliamentary history of the week is little more than the record of their incoherences and stupidities. During the seven days of the present Session nothing has been said in the House of Commons which was not better said in the House of Lords in half the number of hours on the first night of the Session. The power of business and of debating has been, apparently, banished to that Assembly in which little business is allowed to be done, and in which debating, as it does not affect divisions determining the fates of Governments, is necessarily of an academic character. It is not that individual members of the House of Commons cannot be found who are equal in oratorical and statesmanlike ability to the most distinguished members of the House of Lords. If the fact for the moment were otherwise, it would be merely accidental, dependent on an accession to the peerage or the caprice of constituencies, removing Lord So-and-so to the Upper House and excluding Mr. This or That from the Lower. The evil lies deeper. In the House of Lords debating is still restricted, as it used to be in the House of Commons, to those who are competent to bear part in it. In the House of Commons every one who has legs on which to stand, and a voice sounding as that of a man, claims the right to inflict himself on members attending to him as little as the benches on which they sit, or on which they are represented quite as satisfactorily by a hat, in some cases perhaps more empty than the head to which it belongs, or by a fellowless glove.

The evil is a serious one. It is customary to say that the newspaper press has practically superseded Parliament as the Great Council of the nation. No assertion can be further from the truth. The articles in the daily journals are from the necessities of the case little more than running commentaries on the debates of the night before, or abstracts of them—often very useful and convenient commentaries and abstracts, but contributing little to original discussion. Leader-writing, which we have no inclination to disparage—it is a very respectable branch of industry—can never be a substitute for Parliamentary debating. That in its essential character is the consideration of State affairs by men who are engaged in the actual official administration of them, and by men who have been so engaged, and by others who bring to bear on them the special knowledge and acquired habits of mind without which the discussion of public business is simply talk about it and about it. The debating in the House of Lords retains this character. The debating in the House of Commons—to give the incessant talk there an honourable name to which nine-tenths of it is not entitled—is to a great extent simply the idle talk of men who would not be listened to in an amateur House of Commons at Camberwell or Newington Butts. We do not say this by way of invidious comparison between the two Houses. The House of Lords can never undertake the dropped functions of the House of Commons. If these cannot be resumed by the House of Commons, they are lost.

The record of the House of Lords during as much as has passed of the present Session is brief. Lord Salisbury does not possess the rhetorical arts of which Mr. Gladstone is probably the most consummate master that either House has ever seen. In the graces which the orator borrows from the actor—in look, tone, gesture, in action, in pause, and in by-play—Mr. Gladstone is easily first. His fertility and ingenuity in what is known on the stage as "business" might excite the envy of any stage-player in the United Kingdom—if we may mention the United Kingdom in a sentence in which we speak of Mr. Gladstone. Inferior in oratory, in statesmanship, and in patriotism to Lord Chatham, Mr. Gladstone is a more consummate actor than the elder Pitt was, simply because he is less theatrical, and recognizes more completely than his more illustrious predecessor the difference between the boards at Drury and the floor of the House. He has, moreover, the actor's faculty of momentary and half-imaginative belief in the parts he assumes, such as made Garrick while the stage illusion lasted Macbeth on Monday, Hamlet on Wednesday, and Lear on Friday. Lord Salisbury has a greater faculty of sustained political argument than Mr. Gladstone possesses. His blade has a sharper edge, and his blows are delivered more directly home. It is possible that his speeches will be read, so far as any speeches of one generation are read by another, while Mr. Gladstone's oratory will survive less in itself than in description of the effect it produced. Lord Granville's speech in reply to Lord Salisbury was an example of a school of manners as well as a style of debating the decline and departure of which are to be viewed with regret. The urbanity of Parliamentary strife, the comity of parties, had never a finer representative than in the Liberal leader of the House of Lords. An art of good breeding which is nature to advantage dressed, a courtliness which has nothing of the mere courtier in it, but which is the expression of native good feeling, are manifest in all his words and bearing. So long as Lord Granville takes part in English political life, the characteristic type of the English gentleman will not be lacking to it. The misfortune is that

he should consent to be the mouthpiece of a stronger will, but of a coarser and in some other respects inferior nature. His speech and the speeches of Lord Spencer and Lord Herschell on the first night of the Session unconsciously displayed the reluctance with which they have become parties to tactics and a policy happily novel in English statesmanship, and tell the same story as the guarded condemnations of Lord Selborne on the same evening and of Lord Northbrook afterwards. We pass over the singular instance which Lord Coleridge exhibited of a Lord Chief Justice of England misreading Magna Charta in a vital point. But as Magna Charta, on the Gladstonian theory, is not a fundamental law, perhaps this strange error does not reckon for more than a misreading of a clause in a Gas Bill.

The speeches from members of Mr. Gladstone's latest Ministry in both Houses might have been delivered through a telephone between Hawarden and St. Stephen's. A great economy of time would be made if the establishment of such a means of communication either underground or in the upper airs were made one of the clauses of the Procedure Resolutions. Mr. Gladstone's own speech showed how rapidly in becoming the political associate of the Irish members he is sinking to their moral level. His practical adoption of the Plan of Campaign, and his virtual abandonment of a scheme of national defence for which he is doubly responsible, are unique in their contribution to the depravation of English political life. But we have no wish to judge Mr. Gladstone's character and career by the sinister and turbulent old age in which it seems to be finding its catastrophe, and from which, recollecting its nobler features and its worthier achievements, we hope against hope there may yet be a redemption. Lord Randolph Churchill exhibited a faculty of debate in excess of his faculty of statesmanship. Precisely the opposite may be said of Mr. Smith, in his new character of leader, and of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. On the rest of the debate, with the exception of the bright promise of Mr. Curzon, the best comment is silence. The speeches of the majority of the minor Irish and English members fall below the vestry, and almost the human, level. Reporters might almost as usefully be sent to the Monkey-house in the Zoological Gardens. Mr. Labouchere's persistent attempt to take himself seriously deserves encouragement, though neither the House of Commons nor the public is as yet able to enter thoroughly into it. Sir Wilfrid Lawson's return, with, we hope, invigorated health, though enfeebled joking power, is noticeable. Sir Wilfrid Lawson's pleasantries are at least innocent and decent, and Mr. Labouchere's wit is highly refined in comparison with the cider-cellular buffooneries of Mr. Graham and of some other aspirants to the part of the youthful Parliamentary clown. The dulness of a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society to which the House of Commons seems to be tending on one side is perhaps preferable to the rowdiness of the music-hall to which it inclines on the other.

A CHARACTERISTIC THESIS.

Utrum Libertas Hibernica per minas petenda sit, necne.

[My first question is whether it would be wise for Ireland, taking her lesson from old experience, to rely upon obtaining what she desires from the fears of England. And my reply is that it would be an error on our part to appeal to the fears of England. . . . In a somewhat sluggish state of the public mind the two outrages at Manchester and Clerkenwell just made it possible, by exciting general attention, for a powerful political party to give the Irish Question precedences over other pending questions; and they did no more. I remember a case of a small timid spaniel frightened by a hare. Great Britain is not to be frightened even by a couple of hares.—MR. GLADSTONE, in the *Nineteenth Century*.]

O MEN of "virtues singular and splendid,"

Who mutely ask of me which course is right,
To treat the game of violence as ended,
Or try just one more pinch of dynamite!

Your splendid singularity of virtue

Merits from me the frankest of replies;
So—though my answer may amaze and hurt you—
More dynamite, I hold, would *not* be wise.

'Twould not be wise, because it might be needless,
Since *all* our gifts to Ireland, 'twill appear
To every student, howsoever heedless,
Have not been wrung from us by downright fear.

Blue funk, I own, has mostly made us pliant,
As in that hour of national rebuke
When the mere sight of Catholics defiant
Struck terror to the so-called Iron Duke.

Spaniels may flee—I've seen it—from a leveret,
But England for weak foemen little cares;
And this great country would not, I asseverate,
Turn tail—no, not before a brace of hares.

And such I deem those patriots impulsive
Whose much misrepresented chapel-bell,
Plied with a vigour somewhat too convulsive,
Rang out at Manchester and Clerkenwell.

What's that I hear? No, never! I deny it!
I never said—my speeches you may search—
That Irish Virtue blew up gaols, and by it
Alarmed us into pulling down a Church.

No! when with shots the prison-van she shattered,
And nobly slew the sergeant at its door,
And splendidly and singularly scattered
Death 'mid the homes of unoffending poor,

'Twas but as though an advocate should "mention"
The cause deferred to which his brief belongs—
Merely a means of getting prompt attention
Drawn to the case of Ireland and her wrongs.

No doubt it got that case set down for hearing;
But that the plaintiff's threats availed to wring
Justice from judges to refuse it fearing—
That is absurd, and I said no such thing.

You now stand first upon the list—I say it,
And it ensures precedence when I do;
So, cheap though dynamite, I would not lay it
Before an open door, if I were you.

Of course, if nothing comes of this position,
And if you note once more a "sluggish state"
Of public feeling—that inert condition
From which you woke it up in '68;

Or if—a more dishonouring suggestion—
It once be given you to understand
That any English, Scotch, or other question
Deserves priority to your demand;

Should you thus see your chances growing slender,
It—well—it follows, that I do not say
But what—the singularity and splendour
Of Irish virtues should again have play.

REVIEWS.

THE FIRST CAMBRIDGE PRINTER.*

IT is remarkable, in these days of historical research, that no one should have undertaken a history of the press at either Oxford or Cambridge, or even, so far as we are aware, collected materials for it. Mr. Bowes is therefore to be heartily congratulated in having made a start towards such a work by publishing, in exact facsimile, the quaint little quartos before us, all three of which were printed at Cambridge by John Siberch between February 1521 and December 1522. They are, in fact, as we shall show presently, the first and last works which issued from his press. It is true that Siberch or Sibat was never officially recognized as printer to the University; but the volumes which he printed at his own house opposite to St. Michael's Church—the sign of which, "The Royal Arms," he reproduced on the title-page and tailpiece of some of his books—are unquestionably the earliest printed at Cambridge, and may therefore be legitimately regarded as the eldest children of that now celebrated press. We could wish for further information about Siberch; where he learnt his trade; how he came to select Cambridge as his residence; and why he stayed there for so short a time. But our present knowledge about him is limited to a passage in the MS. *Annals* of Dr. Caius, which tells us little except the position of his dwelling-house, and to the information derived from the volumes which he printed, of which only eight are known. He seems to have left Cambridge as suddenly as he came, at the end of 1522 or the beginning of 1523. But, as we have now before us four specimens of his press, for his edition of Linacre's translation of Galen's tract *De Temperamentis* was issued by the same publisher in 1881, we are possessed of sufficient materials for an accurate and methodical study of his type and manner, and a student of early printing who has thoroughly grasped these "according to the natural history method," as the late Mr. Bradshaw would have said, may be able to trace out his affinities, and determine whence he came and whither he went. Had that admirable scholar's life been spared for a short time longer he would probably have conducted this investigation himself, for the earliest of the series, Bullock's *Oratio*, is prefaced by a singularly skilful piece of research which he did not live to complete, but which has been admirably edited by his friend Mr. F. J. H. Jenkinson, of Trinity College. The determination of the true sequence of Siberch's eight books, as set forth therein, is so clear and convincing, and so excellent a specimen of his method reduced to practice, that we will attempt to give a brief résumé of it.

The books in question, taken in the order which was accepted until Mr. Bradshaw began to work upon them, are (1) Galen's tract *De Temperamentis*; (2) Erasmus *De conscribendis epistolis*;

(3) a tract by Bishop Fisher; (4) Lucian's *Opusculum septi de deo*; (5) Archbishop Baldwin's *Sermo de altaris sacramento*; (6) Augustini *Sermo de miserâ vita*; (7) Henrici Bullocki *Oratio*; (8) Papyrii Gemini Eleatis *Hermathena*. Besides these, there was supposed to be a ninth, "an unknown book, dated 8 December, 1522." Careful observation of the dates of the several dedications, which previous bibliographers apparently had not taken the trouble to read, showed that this order was faulty, and that, on that evidence alone, they ought to be arranged thus:—Bullock, Lucian, Galen, Erasmus, all printed between February and November, 1521; Baldwin, Augustine, dated simply 1521; Fisher, Geminus, 1522; while "the unknown book" became identical with the last named. At this point the external evidence, as it may be termed, having been exhausted, he turned to the internal structure; and, to pursue his own metaphor, began to study their histology. On examining the above-mentioned tailpiece, the Royal Arms, which he calls Device 2, he found that it was unbroken in the Erasmus and the Baldwin; but that in the Galen and the Fisher a small fracture appeared on the upper edge, which became considerably wider in the Geminus. It was certain, therefore, that the Galen must have been printed subsequently to the Erasmus and the Baldwin, but before the Geminus. He next turned to the quarto border device (Device 1) which ornaments the titles of some of the books, and found a similar fracture, which enabled him to place the Baldwin before the Erasmus, leaving the rest of the list unaltered. Still he was not wholly satisfied, as he was without definite information about the proper place of the Augustine; but, as the study of the different ornaments used had given such valuable results already, he sought for further information on the same ground. The result, with his final arrangement, shall be given in his own words:—

The Augustine has no device at all, neither the 8° device of the *Arma Regia* found in the Baldwin, Erasmus, Galen, Fisher, and Geminus, nor the 4° border device with the *Arma Regia* found in the Lucian, Baldwin, Erasmus, and Galen, nor the 8° trade-mark device found in the Baldwin, Erasmus, Galen, Fisher, and Geminus. On the other hand it shows an attempt at a border on [?] in the piece on the title-page having two woodcut sidepieces representing scenes connected with the Last Judgment, while the Bullock has no ornament of any kind, and the Bullock shows a thinness and cleanness of type which does not appear in the Augustine, and lastly the Augustine has regular signatures, while the Bullock has only a single B in some copies and no trace of them in others. Hence as the Bullock is certainly Feb. 1520-21, there seems good ground for placing the Augustine next to it in 1521, and before the Lucian. This arrangement further brings out the fact that the Bullock, Augustine, Lucian, and Baldwin, were issued without Privilege, while the Erasmus, Galen, Fisher, and Geminus, all bear the mark "Cum gratia et privilegio."

The list will finally stand thus:

1. Bullock	1520-21, Feb.	after Feb. 13.
2. Augustine	1521	{ after no. 1 before no. 3.
3. Lucian	1521	after June 4.
4. Baldwin	1521	{ after no. 3 before no. 5.
5. Erasmus	1521, Oct.	after Oct. 22.
6. Galen	1521	{ after Sept. 5 after no. 5.
7. Fisher	1521-22	after Jan. 1.
8. Geminus	1522, Dec. 8.	

Could any train of undesigned coincidences, as theologians would say, be more ingeniously worked out, or with more convincing results? Some will no doubt think, not unnaturally, that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*; that the mere arrangement in proper order of a tiny parcel of forgotten tracts is hardly worth the labour spent upon it. Mr. Bradshaw would have repudiated such a notion with the utmost scorn. Thoroughness in work was what he always taught and practised; and as we read this brief introduction, so full of conscientious labour regardless of reward, we are forcibly reminded of the words he wrote as his own border-device round the title of the last work he produced:—"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

Typographical rarities have each their proper place in a museum of printing, but they seldom possess any special literary value. The works before us offer no exception to this rule. We doubt whether even the most ardent student of early literature could read through the *Hermathena*, an allegory on the Victory of Eloquence, dedicated to Richard Pace, "Chief Secretary to the most illustrious Prince, Henry VIII.," nor is the "Letter of a Faithful Christian," or St. Augustine's tract, to which it serves as a preface, much more interesting, but the occasion of his later publication is curious. It was due to the apprehension of one of those universal catastrophes so common in the mediæval world. A certain "most famous astrologer," Johann Müller, commonly designated Regiomontanus from Königsberg, his place of birth, had fixed upon February 1524 as a month of special import, by reason of a conjunction of certain planets; and as this conjunction was to take place in the sign Pisces, it was clear that the impending visitation would take the form of a deluge. The "Faithful Christian" improves this occasion by a letter of suitable admonition, introductory to St. Augustine's tract. It should be added that Professor Adams contributes a valuable note on one planetary conjunction and the literature to which the predictions of Regiomontanus gave rise. Of the three books, Bullock's *Oratio* is by far the most valuable. The author, Henry Bullock, D.D., was Fellow of Queen's College, and Vice-Chancellor of the Uni-

* Henry Bullock, *Oratio habita Cantabrigiæ. Cujusdam fidelis Christiani Epistola, &c. Subsequitur Dini Augustini Sermo. Papyrii Gemini Eleatis Hermathena*. Printed at Cambridge by John Siberch, 1521-22. Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes. 1886.

versity in 1524-25. His speech was delivered in Great St. Mary's Church in the autumn of 1520, on the occasion of the visit of Cardinal Wolsey, accompanied by the Imperial ambassadors. The University determined that no pains should be spared to gratify one who represented the Pope as Legate, and the King as chief favourite, and the few details preserved of the reception show that it must have been lavishly splendid. But vainly is the net set in the sight of any bird, and Wolsey must have been singularly deficient in penetration if he did not estimate at their true value the laboured periods in which Bullock addressed him. He must have smiled inwardly when he heard himself hailed as the man in whom all the virtues, *probitas, innocentia, pudor, integritas, religio*, had met together, as the benefactor of the human race, as the genius whom all nations longed to claim for their own, with much more in the same strain which we have neither space nor taste to quote. If the speech were not extant, it would hardly be believed that the University of Cambridge should have thought it worth while to conciliate the shadow of the throne by flattery so gross; and we are glad to have so convenient and readable a facsimile of the original put within the reach of those who study University history.

THREE NOVELS.*

MR. W. D. HOWELLS is well known to hold a poor opinion of English novelists, and, indeed, of most other English men and things. This should not prevent Englishmen from treating him with candour, and it must be candidly admitted that he moulds his performance in accordance with his principles sufficiently to write novels of a different sort from those which, as a critic, he has felt it his duty to condemn. The aim of the old-fashioned masters of English fiction has been, in a general way, to write novels which it shall be interesting to read. This feature in their work Mr. Howells has striven not to imitate. He has enjoyed a reasonable measure of success, and his success has seldom been more complete than in *The Minister's Charge*. Of course there are many ways of interesting. The misguided George Eliot sought to interest by being a little difficult, and making her romances contribute to the solution of serious questions of ethics, and occasionally of metaphysics, to say nothing of incidental excursions into physiology and psychology. The deluded Thackeray wrote stories in which remarkable events occurred in the fictitious lives of persons who satirically illustrated the qualities and foibles of upper-middle-class society in London. The abject Dickens was alternately funny and sentimental. By these different methods the thoughtful, the worldly, and the frivolous were respectively entertained. Mr. Howells triumphantly avoids all these and all other ways of interesting anybody. On the present occasion he has chosen for description a part of the life of an American cad, and his temporary relations with a minister of religion, a seamstress, a person of independent means, a female art student, and other various but insignificant inhabitants of Boston. Nothing special happens to him, and we are left blissfully ignorant and absolutely indifferent as to whether anything ever will happen to him or not. Lemuel Barker is the minister's charge, and the Reverend Sewell is the minister. Barker thinks he can write poetry; but Sewell, apparently with justice, is of a different opinion. However, when confronted with the products of Barker's muse, he has not strength of mind to say what he thinks of them until Barker appears at Boston clamouring for a publisher. Sewell packs him off, and in wandering about the town he is deprived of his money by the confidence trick, and arrested on a charge of robbery in mistake for the offender. After the charge is dismissed, he wanders about some more, and then tries being a domestic servant. So stupid is he that he does not find out for some time what he is doing; but at last his American pride revolts, and he has an unintelligible quarrel with his mistress's niece, who is either mad or rather in love with him or both. So he takes himself off, and becomes "clerk," and also porter and head-waiter, in a scrubby hotel. Meanwhile he has made the acquaintance of Statira Dudley, the girl whom he had been accused of robbing. It may be noticed, by the way, that she describes herself as a "Sales-lady." Whether this is a genuine Americanism, or a joke like the limbs of the table, Mr. Howells gives no hint. He hugs her, and they become engaged. At the hotel he falls in with a profoundly dull female, of slightly greater cultivation than the Sales-lady, and an attachment ensues. Dissatisfied with his menial situation, he gets Sewell to make him companion and amanuensis to a wealthy man of literary tastes. He also makes friends with an editor. Then the Sales-lady wants to marry him; so he becomes a tramway conductor. A horse breaks his leg, and he passes some time in hospital. Then, greatly to his relief, the Sales-lady changes her mind, and won't have him. That is all, though Mr. Howells does not conclude without a thinly-veiled threat of another volume about him and the gloomy woman of the hotel.

It is quite clear that anybody who reads this wanting a story

* *The Minister's Charge*; or, *the Apprenticeship of Lemuel Barker*. By William D. Howells, Author of "A Chance Acquaintance," "A Foregone Conclusion," &c. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1886.

Sara: a Novel. By the Hon. Mrs. Henry W. Chetwynd, Author of "A March Violet," "The Dutch Cousin," &c. London: White & Co. 1886.

The Lady Drusilla: a Psychological Romance. By Thomas Purnell. London: Ward & Downey. 1887.

will be disappointed. Of course he may flatter himself that he has been contemplating a lifelike presentment of Boston society. If he has, we are sorry for Boston. We are presented with the substance of no less than three of the Reverend Sewell's sermons, and no sermons could be more decorous or duller. There is a great deal of conversation like this:—"Well, good evening," said Amanda Grier. "Well, good evening," said Lemuel. "Well, good evening," said Statira Dudley. "Well, good evening," said Lemuel again." Whenever any one says "Excuse me," or "I beg your pardon," the words are duly recorded; and so is Barker's answer, which is always "Perfectly excusable." But there is some taller talk than this. A cultured but nondescript friend says to Barker's third employer, "Our life isn't stratified; perhaps it never will be. At any rate, for the present, we are all in vertical sections." As it cannot be supposed that so clever a sentence means nothing, it is to be presumed that this means that at Boston there is no one more high-toned than Mr. Lemuel Barker. If so, we can only repeat that we are sorry for Boston. But let us hope that Mr. Howells is libelling that famous town. To one of his characters he certainly attributes great learning, for he makes him aver that he knows "what a continuity . . . is in the ordinary acceptance of the term"—a piece of knowledge which few, if any, Englishmen share with him. It might be urged in opposition to Mr. Howells's claim to be the prophet of the Uninteresting that at least he writes good English. So he does, fairly, when he is not writing good American. But such a sentence as "after waiting what seemed a long time, the door was opened," is in every way worthy of the exterminator of George Eliot. There is only one direct lash at the vices and follies of these islands, and that is where the editor complains to the parson, than whom he is even more scrupulously moral, that he had seen an American audience, and a crowded one to boot, witness without disapprobation "an English comedy where all the jokes turn upon the belief of the characters that their wives and husbands are the parents of illegitimate offspring." "Illegitimate offspring" is delicate. Indeed the whole phrase is delicate; and everybody will recognize the justice of the innuendo.

If it is a laborious and ungrateful task to write in exceptionally sloppy English a story which will not flow, and which is excessively tiresome to read, then Mrs. Chetwynd deserves the utmost commiseration. Sara was a fine woman, with splendid red hair, and a high colour, and was as stupid, and morally and mentally unattractive as it is possible for a fine woman to be. She married Sir Basil Fairlie, who was a sort of combination of all the actually existing eminent persons who, not being members of the House of Commons, write letters to the *Times* upon questions of general interest. Sara married him without knowing this, and got the following account of him from a cousin of his shortly after their marriage:—"Do you not really know that his pen is the most powerful of the day; that his criticisms, his essays, stand at the head of all modern literature? The beauty of thought, the purity of his language, makes his writing a standard by which all literary men try to measure themselves." But this was the less remarkable aspect of his position. He was the authority on politics. "His brilliant pen was never used for party questions; indeed no arguments ever made him see anything but the broad national view . . ." He used to hold "the subject before the world shorn of all untruthful sophisms and those well-balanced sentences which give false impressions, throwing aside and rejecting [both can hardly have been necessary] those arguments worth nothing, and used merely for party purposes, and as often as not succeeded in giving a completely new reading, and convincing some previously prejudiced." It was no wonder that "offers of place and power had been made him over and over again," or that at last a Prime Minister sent him on a secret mission to Russia, where he seems to have solved the Eastern question off his own bat in about ten days. Thereby hangs the tale, because when he left England he charged the idiotic Sara to take great care of a girl, his ward and her cousin, who lived with them. But during his absence the girl eloped with a youth of Spanish extraction who had made Sara's acquaintance as a barge-boy, earned a little money as a political spy, and settled down in life as a receiver of stolen goods on a gigantic scale. Sara, thinking her husband would be angry, and would never forgive her, ran away and hid herself. Sir Basil was a good deal put out, and sought her in vain, until an old flame of his, seeking for revenge, in company with the aforesaid receiver of stolen goods, contrived that he should fall under suspicion of having speculated on the Stock Exchange in consequence of knowledge derived from his settlement of the Eastern question. So he fell into temporary disrepute, and Sara heard of it, and came back and wept on his neck, and the fence's wife died, and the fence jumped out of the window and broke his neck, and the old flame's machinations were exposed, and everything ended happily. It would be unfair to point out that "her Colonial upbringing were sufficiently there to make her speech a little original and piquant" is more original than piquant, if it were not that Mrs. Chetwynd permits a good few such originalities to adorn her pages. She may be interested to know that "special editions" of the evening newspapers appear every evening, and not only when there is some special piece of news to put in them. And in justice to critics it is only fair to tell her that she was under a false impression when she began a little explanatory "note" at the end, addressed mainly to those reprehensible persons, with the assertion that "no one ever reads a preface."

The Lady Drusilla is a weird story in one volume of a man with presentiments. They are very bad ones, because one haunts

him twice in every twenty-four hours, at noon and midnight, and the other apparently pursues him continually. They came true. The story contains a good murder, a remarkably thrilling tale of an old lunatic, with a ghostly story of a midnight drive, and a decidedly powerful experience of being lost in a cave with a skeleton. It is a slight piece of work, but excellently adapted for about the space of two pipes before going to bed.

MODERN METHODS OF ILLUSTRATING BOOKS.*

HOW strangely, yet how inevitably, the smallest matters illustrate the drift and tendency of an age. If nothing remained of the last two centuries but Mr. Trueman Wood's useful *Modern Methods of Illustrating Books* and Baron Roger Portalis's *Dessinateurs d'Illustrations au XVIII^e Siècle* (Morgand et Fatout. Paris: 1877), these three volumes would enable a social Cuvier to reconstruct the French Revolution and the rise of democracy. Baron Roger Portalis's book is the history of the finished and dainty artists, Gravelot, Cochin, Moreau, Choffard, Eisen, and others, who made designs for engravers on copper, Le Mire, Fokke, and others, as dainty as themselves. These delicate engravings in their perfection were for the few, the rich, and the self-indulgent. No two copies, perhaps, of a very fine copper-plate engraving are precisely alike. Much of the beauty and value depends on early impressions. Naturally, those were for the aristocracy of the lovers of art, and poorer men could only purchase, in later "states," a shadow of that exquisite fineness and balance of Gravelot or Moreau. The pre-Revolutionary book illustrations, then, were eminently oligarchic. Mr. Trueman Wood's book, with its description of "processes" or "dodges," machinery, in fact, for dispensing with hand-labour and the artist artisan, while giving, or pretending to give, a realistic facsimile of the artist's design, is a compendium of industrial democracy, or rather of industrial bourgeoisie. The old book illustrations of the last century were for the few. The "process" illustrations are intended for the many. The old illustrations, of the same book, varied each from the other in perfection and value, according to the "state" and the success of the printing. The artist, moreover, could add his after thoughts, like Eisen's tardy repentances in the direction of decency, as illustrated, for example, in the designs for La Fontaine's *Contes*. The modern process produces all that it does produce of an uniform character. Even when a copper-plate is used, it is "stepped" that it may render more numerous and uniform impressions. The tender grace of a day that is dead will never come back to the copper-plate which suffers *acierage*. Even the wooden block is "faked" into a mechanical metallic semblance of itself, which, of course, cannot have the texture of the old block.

However, the stepped copper-plate and the metallic wood-block, if we may so speak, are comparatively elderly innovations. "Processes," with which Mr. Trueman Wood's book is mainly concerned, are dodges for combining photography with some scientific and chemical use of starch or gelatine, and bichromate and other wares, so as to secure a copy of the artist's design either etched on a plate or in relief on a block. The consequences of success—that is, of popular success—will be to destroy the art of wood-engraving and to ruin all that remains of mezzotint and engraving on copper. The men who now work at these old forms of engraving will be crowded out (at least this is our theory—perhaps a pessimistic theory) by highly-skilled mechanics. There is at present room for the art of the graver's hands in the process called photogravure, by which large oil-paintings are often reproduced. Much of the work is done (the method is secret) by mechanical processes; but the engraver still modifies and touches up.

This rapid superseding of engraving by processes is due to several causes. There is first, as usual, the demand for cheapness. To please a comparatively large public, the books and the illustrations must be cheap. We confess that, to a Tory critic, the usual complement of cheapness is present in many of these "processed" illustrations. We regard a process-server much as Irish landlords did and Irish tenants do, and would gladly make him swallow his pages. One repulsive feature in processed designs is a texture like shepherd tartan, which covers the whole surface. All is like a "suit of checked dittos," all is mechanically cross-hatched. There are various ways of producing this most unenviable result. Mr. Trueman Wood shall describe one dodge:—

Another device which has been employed to get a grain on to the picture is to print from the original negative, by any suitable process, upon a piece of silk. The threads of the silk break up the picture printed on it into a very nice and regular grain. The positive on the silk is then photographed, and a printing block made by the ordinary etching process. Unfortunately it is found impossible to get silk of a sufficiently even and regular texture for the purpose. Flaws and shadows, not noticeable even in the print, come out with startling distinctness, and the inventor of the process has given it up on this account. Some experimental blocks, for the production of which suitable bits of silk had been found, gave promising results, but there the idea seems to have been left.

We are no admirers of this "very nice and regular grain," and are extremely delighted to hear that even silk is not made regular enough for the purpose—*ὡς ἀνθρώπου καὶ ἄλλος*. There is another device or dodge with "a transparent screen, on which a suitable grain is imprinted." People who dislike looking at works of art

through silk or transparent screens will not much admire processes that depend on these resources of science.

The process has not been evolved merely by love of cheapness, it is developed partly in obedience to a change in public taste. The public eye has been demoralized (that is our way of putting it, not Mr. Wood's) by photographs. The photograph is neither art nor nature, it is anathema. But the public has learned to like it, the supply, as usually happens, begetting the demand. Now wood-engraving cannot compete with the photograph in gradation and in multitude of detail, but the wood-engraving has attempted this impossible task. It has tried, has failed, and must go. Mr. Wood writes:—

Nor does there seem much room to question but that the ancient art of wood-engraving is doomed. For years it has been trying to be anything but itself; to imitate engraving, mezzotint, chalk drawing, anything but wood-engraving. Photographs, and the mechanical processes which have been the outcome of photography, have educated the public eye to a more delicate, more minute style of work than is proper to wood-engraving. The art has endeavoured to compete with its rivals on their own ground, and is being rapidly worsted in the attempt. What will be the ultimate result on the art of illustration, it is not easy to foretell.

The American magazines have much to answer for, to our mind, in the ruin of the wood-engraving. They have made it an imitation, faint yet pursuing, of everything it is not; they have also gone a-gipsying after processes, and, like man in general, "have sought out many devices" for printing some sort of fac-similes on glazed paper. Consequently the public thinks it has found out something wonderfully novel, delicate, "cultured," and so forth, while all the time Mr. Charles Keene's drawings in *Punch* survive to show the world how wood-blocks should be drawn on and how engraved.

The dull mechanic exercise of processing, as illustrated in the checkered pattern, is one objection, another is the disagreeable texture, and a kind of smirking, half-abashed, photographic air, which one sees in some things, for example, in the copiously decorated works of M. Octave Uzanne. There is another objection—not an objection to all minds—the uniformity of impression and of excellence. Messrs. Harper lately published in New York a very well illustrated book, an edition of *She Stoops to Conquer*, with designs by Mr. E. A. Abbey and Mr. Alfred Parsons. The designs are reproduced in a variety of fashions, and display a singular grace, invention, accuracy, and humour. But then everybody who can pay for it gets as good a copy as anybody else. You cannot "wax pathetic over states," or so we imagine, because all the illustrations are in the same state. Such is the cruel result of equality, of Democracy! No intriguing for early copies, no plates *couvertes* or *découvertes* (Morality forbids, of course), no series before any letters, no possibility of possessing not only the engravings but the *caus-fortes*. How can the collector, the *raffiné* (who, after all, is a fellow-creature) be expected to care for pleasures that all the world can purchase for twenty dollars? Perhaps in two hundred years or so, when the accidents of Time and fire and fools have made the book "very rare," collectors will begin to enjoy the New York book. Now how much better and wiser it were to have etched or engraved these charming designs on copper, to have published a few with the *caus-fortes*, some on China paper, some on great paper of Holland, with perhaps 300 for the vulgar herd on *papier vergé*. But perhaps the Constitution of the United States forbids such achievements. Meantime the artists are estimated by mere fac-similes of their beautiful drawings, and a book that might have scaled the heights of bric-à-brac becomes a mere "art publication."

For some reason which Manichees will have no difficulty in explaining, even the best intentions are now frustrated. For example, a series of *contours* is being published in Paris, and each copy is rich in real engravings on copper—true vignettes, with no processing about them. Of course, as is most proper, only a very few copies of each volume are printed, and they sell at a high price. The last is *Sylvie*, by Gérard de Nerval—*Sylvie*, that graceful prose idyl. There is a preface by M. Ludovic Halévy. As one cannot admire many of the designs, it were unkind to mention the artist. He has not, to our taste, made the best of this noble opportunity. His little pieces of *nature morte*—for example, the old-fashioned watch lying on a table—are admirable. But his figures! The hero wears (and the archaeology may be correct) a prodigiously black, prodigiously tall hat, and a long, stiff frock-coat—in the country. In all the tender scenes with *Sylvie* the tall hat and frock have it their own way. Surely that excellent Gérard was the last man, above all in the country, to wear a tall hat. It is melancholy; the work is so fine, the intention so excellent, the tall hat such an incongruous failure.

We have fallen on evil times for book illustration. But France, if she continues, with better taste, in the path of this *Sylvie*, may yet uphold the tattered banner of a cause forlorn, may yet triumph over processes. That many artists like processes merely means that they dislike the engravers, whom they accuse of spoiling their designs. The engravers are of a contrary opinion.

Fortunately, in the midst of a fictitious demand for cheap work, old work and good work can yet be had cheap. There lie before us Barbon's *Martial* (1754), with plates of Eisen's, and Merigot's *Eutropius* (1740), in contemporary red morocco, full of *cuis de lampe* by Lafosse, purchased for 4s. Handier and prettier classics cannot be, and they are as cheap as if they were Tauchnitz stereotypes.

* *Modern Methods of Illustrating Books*. By H. Trueman Wood. London: Elliot Stock. 1887.

ANCIENT RHODES.*

THE island of Rhodes has a growing bibliography. To say nothing of the fact that its mediæval history fills about a third of every book on the Knights of Malta, while its present condition is pretty fully discussed by every traveller in the Levant from Ross and Newton downwards, no less than fifteen independent works on the island have been published during the last seventy years. Eight of these are in German, and two others are written by Germans in Latin; four are in French; and one is in English. Besides all these, there is a work in course of writing at the French School at Athens; and there is, or there was, a fearful manuscript written in German by a Swede, which was to fill so many folio volumes that no publisher would look at it. We say, "or there was," for it is now some years since its author died, and we cannot forget how many such works have been utilized for the kitchen fire by the housekeepers of deceased authors. But we trust that it has survived, for there was much information in it about the fauna and flora of the island, the product of personal observation, while the information on these heads in most works on Rhodes is confined to a quotation from Pliny, "*Rhodus aquilam non habet*"; and this is not only meagre, but untrue. We must now add to the bibliography of Rhodes a little treatise in sixty-four pages octavo, written by Herr Carl Schumacher, as a thesis for the degree of Doctor in Philosophy in the University of Heidelberg. It is necessarily in Latin, with the customary attempt to disguise modern names, though Boeckhius and Schneiderwirthius remain as transparently Teutonic as the Latin, and Bishop Pococke does not look like a Pagan, even when called Pocockius. Its subject is nominally the Constitution of ancient Rhodes, but it is in reality a commentary on the Rhodian inscriptions. Any careful study of these has been rendered very troublesome by the haphazard fashion in which they have been published; for one must go to nine separate publications of inscriptions and to the volumes of six different archaeological journals in order to get them together. We may add that any careless work upon them stands a proportionately good chance of escaping detection.

In or about the year 408 B.C. the three cities then existing in the island—namely, Lindos, Ialysos, and Camiros—united in founding the present city of Rhodes. The questions What were the several constitutions of these four cities after this date? and What were the political relations subsisting between them? involve a number of nice points, which have to be decided mainly on the evidence of the inscriptions. Dr. Schumacher's view is briefly this. Each of the Demes into which the island was divided was related to one or other of the ancient cities such as the Attic Demes were related to Athens, and this relationship was not disturbed on the founding of the new city. On the other hand, the political existence of the ancient cities, manifested in the presence of *Bulé* and *Demos*, was then terminated. Finally, the *Bulé* and *Demos* of Rhodes belonged to the whole island, and not to the new city alone; and this was the body referred to as *δ σύμματος δῆμος*, the Entire Demos. To begin with the Demes. In the Athenian tribute-lists we find the names of the *Oiatai* of the Lindians and of the *Pedieis* in (or of) Lindos; and in an inscription from Lindos (Br. Mus. 357) we find against the names of thirty men, holding an office for which Lindians alone were eligible, the ethnics of eleven Demes, one of which is *Pedieus*. It is a fair inference that twelve of the Rhodian Demes were affiliated to Lindos. But Dr. Schumacher does not tell us what he makes of the fact that we also find in the tribute-lists the names of the *Bricindarioi* in Rhodes and of the *Diacrioi* in Rhodes; and we should very much like to know what he does make of it, for it just upsets his theory of the Demes. We have, in fact, two Demes which are not affiliated to Lindos, to Ialysos, or to Camiros. It is hardly necessary to add that there can be no question of affiliation to the new city, since the tribute-lists end before its foundation. Moreover, there is not a scrap of evidence that any of the Demes ever were affiliated to Ialysos or to Camiros. The assumption was made from the analogy of Lindos; but the key to several questions is the fact that in the Rhodian Tripolis the position of Lindos was anomalous. Now among the Lindian Demes is the Deme of the *Lindopolitai*. Mr. Newton has suggested that this must be referred to some place called *Lindopolis*, which is otherwise unknown to us; but this violent hypothesis is quite unnecessary, for Lindos was itself often termed *Λίνδος πόλις* or *Λινδία πόλις* (as may be seen from Strabo, p. 655, for example, or from the inscription, Ross. Hl. 47), and the Deme can only be referred to the city of Lindos itself. We observe that in the neighbouring island of Carpathos, where we find the analogous ethnic *Carpathiopolites*, we find along with it an Entire Demos. We also observe that in Rhodes the Entire Demos is mentioned only in inscriptions found in or near Lindos and relating to Lindian affairs, and that it is generally mentioned in connexion with the populace of Lindos in the phrase *εἰς τὸ πλῆθος τῶν Λινδίων καὶ εἰς τὸν σύμματος δῆμον*. From these facts (which have escaped Dr. Schumacher's notice) we infer that in Rhodes the Entire Demos means the assembled Lindian Demes. This would have been a very fitting name for them; for they could hardly have been called the Demos of Lindos on the one hand, lest they should be confused with the citizens, nor did they, on the other hand, require to be called the

Entire Demos of Lindos, for there was no similar body at Ialysos or at Camiros from which to distinguish them. There is thus, we consider, some little evidence in favour of our view of the Entire Demos, and Dr. Schumacher cannot find fault with us if we have failed to discover any in favour of his view, inasmuch as he has himself failed to adduce any. In discussing the political position of the three ancient cities, Dr. Schumacher justly observes that we have no mention of a Demos in any of them; but we doubt if he is justified in his inferences from this. So many inscriptions have been found at Lindos that, if there had been such a body as the Demos of Lindos, we must certainly have heard of it. But the inference is, not that the Lindians did not possess the political power usually vested in a Demos, but that this power was there vested in the Demos of the *Lindopolitai* and in the Entire Demos. On the other hand, the paucity and the character of the inscriptions from Ialysos and from Camiros forbid a negative inference about the existence of a Demos at either place. Now, if there were Demoi in the three ancient cities, we should naturally expect to find *Bulai* as well; and in fact there is some traces of them in two inscriptions. The first of these (Ross. Ins. In. 271) is very fragmentary; but it was found at Lindos, and apparently deals only with Lindian affairs, and in it is a mention of the *Bulé*. The second (Ross. Hl. 23) records among various honours granted to a Rhodian that he received certain rewards from the *Bulai* (in the plural). It is hard to see what these *Bulai* can be but the Senates of the ancient cities as well as of the new city. Dr. Schumacher says nothing of the first inscription, and of the second he only says that Ross (who, by the way, admitted the existence of a *Bulé* at Lindos on the evidence of the first) thought that these *Bulai* might merely mean the *Bulé* of Rhodes as renewed by successive re-elections. This odd view is not supported by the appearance of a plural in any of the many other mentions of the *Bulé* of Rhodes in the inscriptions. As to the renewals of the *Bulé* of Rhodes, we observe that Dr. Schumacher takes the passage in Cicero (*De Rep.* iii. 35) on this head in a sense, *quæ adhuc omnes viros doctos effugit*. It will, of course, be understood that in pointing out that the passage is taken in just the same way in Ross's *Hellenica*, p. 101, and in Torr's *Rhodes*, p. 65, we do not mean to impute to Dr. Schumacher any neglect of the previous literature on his subject, but only to show in how extremely restricted a sense the expression *virī doctī* is employed at Heidelberg. But to return to the ancient cities. Dr. Schumacher lays stress on a passage in *Heesyehios* to the effect that the *Mastroi* were Senators among the Rhodians. *Heesyehios* apparently knew nothing more about the matter than we know, and probably not so much; his remark is just such as would be made by a rather inaccurate man after seeing some inscriptions recording the decrees of the *Mastroi* and the *Ialysians*, for example. But the decrees in which these dignitaries take part are confined to religious matters; and, although in such matters they no doubt acted as Senators in each of the ancient cities—that is to say, they had the right of initiating the motions to be discussed by the people in each city—the fact does not make against the existence for political matters in each of the ancient cities of a regular *Bulé* and *Demos*, or Entire Demos. As for Dr. Schumacher's theory that the *Bulé* and *Demos* of Rhodes belonged to the whole island, instead of to the new city alone, this merely rests on the alleged extinction of the *Bulai* and *Demoi* of the older cities, and on the alleged identity of the Demos of Rhodes with the Entire Demos; and consequently this theory is, to say the least of it, not proven.

Not content with the new light that he has thrown on the assemblies, Dr. Schumacher proceeds to elucidate the Government. "*Summo quidem magistratu*," he observes, "*ut Camiri damiurgi, prytanes Rhodi, sic Lindi epistatæ fungebantur*." Turning to the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* for 1883 we read (vol. iv. p. 137):—"The eponymous magistrate, who at Rhodes is the *prytanis*, and at Lindos the *epistatæ*, is here shown to be at Camiros the *damiurgos*. Turning again to the *Revue Archéologique* for 1866 we read (vol. xiv. p. 337):—"A Rhodes, il y avait des *prytanes*, à Lindos des *epistatæ*; Camiros était gouverné par des *demiurges*." It thus appears that Dr. Schumacher's views on this point are not so novel; but they are quite as inaccurate. The *demiurges* was no doubt an eponymous magistrate at Camiros; the inscription printed in the *Hellenic Journal* proves that. But we know of no evidence at all for the eponymy of any one or more of the Lindian *epistatæ*; and for the eponymy of any one or more of the Rhodian *prytanes*, of none but a clumsy restoration in a solitary inscription from Cyzicus (C. I. G. 3656). As Dr. Schumacher has perceived, the restoration of the word *πρυτανειστος* out of the letters *πρυταις* . . . at the end of the first line of the Rhodian decree therein recited would mean that this is the only Rhodian decree headed with the name of the priest of Helios in which the name of the priest's father is given, and further that this gentleman was called by the name of one of the Rhodian months, while the restoration *πρύτα ἐξ ἰκτῆρος* (the twenty-first) at once explains the presence of the name of the month and gives a regular Rhodian formula. The *prytanes* were certainly at the head of the government in the city of Rhodes, receiving ambassadors and presiding in the assemblies; the statements of the classical writers put this beyond doubt. But the inscriptions show that the priest of Helios was the ordinary eponymous magistrate in the new city, though in some matters relating to their departments the Admiral (Br. Mus. 343) and even the head of the Gymnasium (Ross. Arc. Auf. 26) appear to have acted as eponyms. Now, all that we know about the *demiurges* at Camiros is that he was an

* *De Republica Rhodiorum Commentatio*. Scripsit Carolus Schumacher. Heidelbergæ: in ædibus C. Winteri. MDCCCLXXXVI.

eponymous magistrate. Consequently, we must put the demiurgos on a level with the priest of Helios, or some less exalted official, and not with the prytaneis. But an inscription from Naxos (C. I. G. 2416, b), which has escaped Dr. Schumacher's attention, carries us further in this direction. It appears, for several reasons, to belong to the short period between 40 and 30 B.C., during which Naxos, together with Tenos and Andros, was subject to Rhodes; and in the records which it contains the eponymous magistrate is the demiurgos. From this we may infer that the demiurgoi were the officials to whom the Government of Rhodes (and the prytaneis at its head) entrusted the administration of the states under its suzerainty. Coming now to Lindos, we do not dispute that the three epistatai formed the chief authority in religious matters; but we do lay stress on the fact that an inscription (Ross. Ins. Ined. 276) found in the ruins of the temple of Apollo Erethimios, near the modern village of Tholo, makes mention of a similar board of three epistatai, who (as Dr. Schumacher himself admits) most probably belonged to the temple itself. Now, if we grant the epistatai at Lindos political power comparable to that of the prytaneis in the new city, we can hardly refuse similar power to the epistatai at this temple; and that would be too much even for Dr. Schumacher.

Having thus directed attention to a few of the striking theories which Dr. Schumacher has based upon the inscriptions, we will give an example of the way in which he emends the inscriptions themselves. As the following (Br. Mus. 346) is at once one of the shortest and one of the most interesting, we make no apology for giving it in full.

ασάντων τὰς πό-
λ[ι]ος δούλων, Εὐλί-
[μ]ιος, γραμματεὺς
[δ]αμόσιος, ἑπαρ[ε]ύ[ε]σ
[α]ς Διὸς Ἀραβυρίου,
ὑπὲρ τῶν κυρίων Πό-
δων ἀνέθηκε Διὶ Ἀ-
ραβυρίῳ τοῦ θεοῦ
τὸ στήλαρ[ος].

This inscription was found by Ross near the highest point of the eminence which served the city of Rhodes for an Acropolis in ancient times, and has since been known to the mediæval knight as St. Stephen's Mount and to the modern sailor as Smith's Hill. Here, at the highest point, must have stood the temple of Zeus Atabyrios, whence Mithridates intended to give the signal for a general assault when his storming party should have carried the city walls at the weak part which may still be traced hard by. Here also must have stood "the Bull of Zeus at Rhodes" with whose silencing along with the other Pagan oracles Cyril of Alexandria twitted Julian the Apostate; for, although the Patriarch may have supposed it a living creature from the analogy of Balaam's ass, it was certainly a hollow bronze figure like the more famous bull at Acragas, one of the adjuncts of the worship of Zeus Atabyrios that Phalaris brought with him from Rhodes to Sicily. Now the purport of the inscription seems to be that after the suppression of a revolt among the slaves belonging to the city of Rhodes, the board of masters of these slaves commissioned Eulimenes, who was secretary to the Demos and also a priest of Zeus Atabyrios, to dedicate on their behalf to that god a pedestal, or something of the sort, for the Bull. That is the end of the inscription, for there is an ornament after the last letter to mark the conclusion; but, although the first line is at the top of the stone, the inscription did not begin there, but upon another stone that fitted on above. Upon the missing stone Dr. Schumacher supplies τὸν θεῖον τοῦ θεῖου εὐεργέταν followed by the name of some Rhodian guild ending in the genitive plural αἰών at the beginning of line 1; and at the beginning of line 5 he changes the restoration ας into αρα, thus making ἑπαρεύααα agree with τὸν θεῖον. Every one must see that with this accusative on his hands Dr. Schumacher will be in considerable difficulties towards the end of the inscription; but no one would anticipate his solution of these difficulties. It is to quietly ignore the last four lines and conclude with a full stop at the end of line 5. This sort of thing needs no comment.

It is beyond question that in classical archæology most of the best work has been done in Germany; but it is equally beyond question that, under cover of the reputation thereby acquired, much of the worst work is now being done over there. Now that every stage on the road to a professorship has to be marked by a dissertation on some fresh subject, the old-fashioned book, embodying the mature views of a scholar on the subject to which he has devoted his life, is being superseded by a crowd of pamphlets whose only merit is the skill with which they invest hasty generalizations, ignoring half the facts to be generalized, with an appearance of laborious accuracy. But here Dr. Schumacher rather overdoes it; and his excessive pompousness when straining at gnats inevitably suggests that he must have swallowed whole caravans of camels.

JOHN A LASCO.*

THE figure of Johannes a Lasco, the Polish noble and ecclesiastic, is so unique amongst the company of the Reformers, and his influence upon the Church of England was so remarkable,

that many English students must have wished that they could find a full and adequate biography of him. In 1860, on the occasion of the centenary of Lasco's death, Petrus Bartels, at the request of "the venerable Coetus of the Reformed pastors of East Friesland," compiled as exact and carefully studied an account of Lasco as was possible before the publication of the complete edition of his works. The book was brought out as a supplementary volume to the semi-official collection of the *Lives and Writings of the Fathers of the Reformed Church*. Six years later Dr. Kuiper, the one scholar who knew most of Lasco, issued the first complete edition of Lasco's works, including his correspondence, and he promised to add a later volume, containing a life of the reformer. The tasks laid upon him by the Reformed Church of Holland did not allow him leisure to fulfil his engagement, and he gave up the work in despair. Dr. Kuiper's extensive collections, however, and his exhaustive bibliographical preface, had lightened the biographical task for any one who might venture upon it. The conscientious work of Bartels and Kuiper manifestly laid the foundation of Dr. Hermann Dalton's excellent biography; while his own knowledge of Poland and Polish history, his long residence in Eastern Europe, and his local researches have enabled him to add solid work of his own to the labours of his foregoers. Dr. Dalton has indeed two disagreeable propensities—an attempt to be picturesque and familiar and an inveterate habit of moralizing. A reader who wants to know something about Lasco will get impatient with the biographer's sketches of scenery and incidents of his own Polish tours, and will be provoked at his patronizing and endearing iterations, such as "unser Johannes," "unser Laski," "unser Freund," and the like, which occur on almost every page.

But while we can honestly commend the German original, we cannot allow the present English translation much share in the praise. So far as its form goes, it is as a rule fluent and easy; but in the point of its matter it leaves to seek. Here and there, indeed, we come upon an eccentric misrendering of the original. One of Dr. Dalton's faults is the affectation of the headings which he has fitted to his chapters and sections, such as "The Waiting Time," "The Work with the Sword in the Hand," "The Work with the Trowel in the Hand." But Mr. Evans, in rendering some of these titles, has added a gush of his own for which the original ought not to be blamed. The chapter which describes the early visit of Lasco to Rome with his uncle and guardian, the Archbishop of Gnesen, and his studies at the University of Bologna, is headed by Dalton "Die erste Studienreise ins Ausland," for which Mr. Evans has provided the astounding English, "The First Student Travels Abroad." The chapter which records the later visits of Lasco to Zürich, Basel, and Paris, is headed by Dalton "Die andere Studienreise ins Ausland"; but Mr. Evans has headed it "The Other Student Travels Abroad." The first impression of the reader when he compares the two headings in the English translation will be that Lasco must have been "converted" between his first and second journey—that it was the Popish old man Lasco who went to Rome and Bologna, but that it was the Protestant new man Lasco who went afterwards to Basel and Paris. The course of the biography, however, soon removes this conjecture. During each stay abroad and after his return from each of his foreign journeys, Lasco had ecclesiastical honours and benefices heaped upon him. He had been a canon while he was still a layman; as soon as he was ordained priest he was made Dean of Gnesen, and represented the metropolitan Chapter at the Synod of Petrikoff. The Primate, who was as powerful in the State as in the Church of Poland, had planned that his nephew should succeed him in the Archbishopric of Gnesen. He was appointed Archdeacon of Warsaw; the bishopric of Veszprim in Hungary was bestowed upon him, though he was never consecrated to the episcopal order. In the British Museum Catalogue, by the way, he is distinguished from every other Lasco as "Bishop of Veszprim." The King, who was greatly attached to him, nominated him Bishop of Cujavia. Indeed, it was not until this nomination to the highest order in the Church that Lasco became fully self-conscious of the truth that he was no longer a Catholic. His *nolo episcopari* was a genuine and a costly act of conscience; he resigned all his great preferments in the Polish Church, left his native land, and threw in his lot for the remainder of his days with the profession of "the Gospel." King Sigismund was so touched with the resolution and self-sacrifice of the man that he insisted upon providing him with commendatory letters "ad omnes principes." His own noble birth, the diplomatic eminence of his kinsmen in the European Courts, and the enthusiastic praise which Erasmus had given to his character and his learning, procured for "the illustrious Lord a Lasco" ready access to Courts and amongst scholars.

But we have not yet done with the faults of Mr. Evans as a translator. First of all, he has utterly abolished the long, valuable, and really elucidatory preface which the author prefixed to the original work, and he has substituted for it a meagre preface of his own. Dr. Dalton was moved to undertake the biography, as he told his readers in 1881, by learning that Dr. Kuiper found it impossible to continue the researches to which he had already devoted so much time and labour. "Und soll das Werk," asked Dr. Dalton, "ein Torso bleiben?" The fragmentary and maimed translation of Mr. Evans is a graceless answer in English to the author's question. It is a mere damaged "torso" of Dr. Dalton's complete and full-length statue. His *Joannes a Lasco* honestly is, as its sub-title describes it, a "Beitrag zur Reformationsgeschichte Polens, Deutschlands und Englands." It occupies

* John a Lasco: his Earlier Life and Labours. A Contribution to the History of the Reformation in Poland, Germany, and England. By Dr. Hermann Dalton. Translated from the German by Rev. Maurice J. Evans, B.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

nearly six hundred pages, and it ends with Lasco's death. It tells us what he did as a reformer, in England and in Poland. The translator diligently follows the original, with a few omissions, about half the way. He goes as far as its 333rd page, at which Dalton ends his chronicle of the first short visit of Lasco to England, when "the nephew of the Primate of Poland was a guest in the palace of the Primate of England," Thomas Cranmer. Here Mr. Evans suddenly stops short, departs from Dalton's track, and enters upon a track of his own, along which he continues for the space of two pages, and then abruptly ends the book. No intimation is given to the reader in these two hasty pages that the original biography does not end here, nor is he told that it is Mr. Evans, and not Dr. Dalton, who is now addressing him. Mr. Evans, still to all outward appearance playing the German author in an English mask, says to the reader:—"It is with a keen sense of regret that we lay down the pen at the point of Lasco's settlement in England. We had purposed to describe his ever-memorable work in London." Why, then, has he declared upon his title-page that the book is "a contribution to the history of the Reformation in Poland and in England"? He has omitted the whole of the four chapters in which Dalton detailed with great fulness the incidents of Lasco's second residence in England. He has omitted all the chapters in which Dalton describes his work as a reformer in Poland. The real interest of Lasco's life for English readers begins at the very point at which Mr. Evans thought it prudent to stop short. What did he find in Dalton's work to appal him and make him suddenly "lay down his pen"? We can but guess, and we do not look forward with much confidence to the further account of Lasco's work in London by Mr. Evans instead of Dr. Dalton, which the former hopes it may some day be his "privilege to present to the English reader."

Short in time as the second residence of Lasco in England was—it came to a sudden end with the death of Edward VI.—his influence was more baneful for the production of future mischief in the National Church than that of all the other foreign theologians who preached to the half-unwilling Primate Cranmer, and courted the more than willing Protector Somerset. For, while such men as Bucer and Peter Martyr were chiefly advisers and theorists, Lasco was a directly practical man. While they were consulting as to the fashion in which the Church ought to be remodelled, Lasco actually set up in London itself a concrete *forma ac ratio* of the true "Church," after the prescriptions of the Bible. In spite of the objections of his friend and patron Cranmer, he obtained from "the God-fearing and innocent young King" an astonishing and unprecedented "privilegium," which was quickly circulated amongst the party on the Continent by Lasco's subordinate Micronius, in Latin, German, Flemish, and French editions. This document was virtually an autocratic State-establishment of Nonconformity in England, side by side with the Church of England. It served as a precedent for the anti-Catholic and anti-English ecclesiastical legislation forced by the Long Parliament upon the English parishes a century afterwards. As Weingarten has aptly said in his admirable *Die Revolutionskirchen Englands*, "Die Kirchenordnung von J. a Lasco ist für den englischen und schottischen Presbyterianismus das Vorbild gewesen." It was the organising genius of Lasco, already tested in Friesland, which first exhibited in actual work in this island the model and platform of "the best Reformed Church" which the English Puritans or Nonconformists, as distinct from the Separatists, in turn urged Elizabeth, James I., Charles I., and the Long Parliament to establish and endow by law in all the parishes of the nation. A glowing account of the establishment and prosperity of this Church, or "Gemeinde," is to be found in the German letter which Martin Micronius, as one of the four sub-ministers or "co-rulers" under Lasco, addressed to his fellow-Evangelicals at home, who were still groaning, as he says, under "die egyptische Knechtschaft des Nidlands." The members of the new Nonconformist community established by Edward VI., and endowed by him with the church of St. Austin Friars, were to be at first exclusively Germans and other outlanders. Ridley, as Bishop of London, protested with energy against the separation of this church from his diocese. Hence, in spite of the King's grant, half a year passed before Lasco and his flock could get possession of it. But, as soon as they had it, they "purged and cleansed it," as Micronius gleefully reports, "von aller Abgötterei und Superstition"; they abolished its old title of St. Austin, and gave it the new name of the "Jesus-Tempel," because it was their intention "Jesu darin eine Gemeinde sammeln." The technical phraseology of Lasco and Micronius—"ein gemeinde sammeln," "to gather a congregation"—quickly passed over from the foreign Nonconformists to their English disciples, and it was doomed to play a troublesome part in England during the next hundred years. The "gathered church" of the foreigners, in its organization, doctrine, discipline, ritual, and exemption from the jurisdiction of the diocesan bishop, became an ideal to which the English and Scottish innovators schemed to conform all the parochial churches. Indeed, the royal privilege establishing it seemed indirectly to imply that it ought to serve as a model for all other churches in the kingdom; it was "erected" by the King expressly "for the pure and uncorrupt explanation of the holy Gospel, and for the administration of the Sacraments, according to the Word of God, and the apostolical order." The "gottesfürchtige und unschuldige junge König," as Micronius said, while exempting Lasco's Nonconformist church from all interference of the Bishop of London, or of any future archbishops or bishops, had subjected

it immediately to himself as "Head of the Church after Christ"; so that, although the congregation had a right to the free election of its elders and deacons, they had to be presented to the King for his royal confirmation. When Bishop Ridley tried to enforce his rights as diocesan, and insisted that the services and ceremonies should be conformed to those of the English Church, and when the churchwardens of various parishes threatened Lasco's members for neglecting to communicate at their own parish churches, Lasco appealed with success to the King against the prelate and against the parish officers. He found a powerful supporter in Cecil; and Micronius was able to boast that Lasco's church could fully "exercise its own especial Christian penitential discipline and observe its own ceremonies, notwithstanding they were unlike those of the Church of England, without anybody's interference" ("one jemens einreden"). It is evident from this same epistle of Micronius to his Low German sympathizers on the Continent that we may also trace in this first established Nonconformist Church, over which Lasco was once the "Superintendent," the original birthplace and the precedent of the notorious "Propheysings" with which the English Puritans twenty years later began to trouble the bishops. The "Propheysings," like the whole contents of the Puritan system—with the bare exception of its Sabbatarianism—were not of English invention, but importations borrowed from this foreign Protestant "ultramontanism." Micronius says that these controversial exercises were started in Lasco's church of Austin Friars or "Jesu-Tempel" as a means for "stopping the mouth of all gainsayers," or of proselytizing the curious English to the foreign Puritan religion. "Auch das allen Widersprechern das Maul gestopft würde, haben wir ein öffentliche Probe der Lere durch die Wochen a (sic) Prophecy eingeführt, und sehr ernstlich halten." These few particulars which we have gathered from the German epistle of Micronius printed in the "Churfürstlichen,"—not as our author says in the "Christlichen"—town of Heidelberg, will tell the reader more of Lasco's work in England than he will find in the whole of Mr. Evans's volume. The Nonconformist Church prospered and increased under the patronage of the State. Micronius boasted that the four "Mitregierer" appointed by the King, "welche in der Schrift Ältesten genennet werden," increased to ten, and that its four "Diaken, oder Diener der Armen," were also increased to ten.

SOME TEXT-BOOKS.

INTRODUCTION to the Study of Chemistry, by Ira Remsen (Macmillan & Co.), bears evidence of its Transatlantic origin. It professes to be more systematic than the ordinary elementary manuals, and is certainly of a thoroughly practical character, especially in regard to laboratory instruction, which is almost a crucial test. Mr. Remsen's style and reasoning are clear, plain, and free of pedantry.

Practical Instruction in Botany, by Professor Bower and Dr. Vines (Macmillan & Co.), forms a member of the excellent series "Manuals for Students." Its origin appears to have been a course of lectures at South Kensington on what may be called Morphological Botany; when Mr. Thistleton Dyer and Professor Lawson first applied to the study of plants what Professor Huxley had used systematically in studying animals.

Comparative Anatomy and Physiology (Cassell & Co.), by Professor Jeffrey Bell, M.A., is one of a compact and handsome series intended for students of medicine. The author's acquaintance with the facts and experimental inquiries necessary to this study, combined with some special skill in marshalling and classifying them, ensure the utility of his book for medical classes. The woodcuts are numerous and carefully drawn.

Another edition of *The Marine Steam Engine*, by Mr. Sennett, R.N. (Longmans), proves that this work, as we anticipated, was really wanted by students of marine engineering and by naval officers. The previous text-books were either too theoretical for an ordinary student desiring accuracy and technical training, or they attempted too much in too little space. Some fresh information occurs in this edition of Mr. Sennett's work with reference to triple expansion engines, closed stroke-holds, and other points recently adopted in war-ship construction.

The Papers in Inorganic Chemistry, by Mr. Ellis, F.C.S. (Rivingtons), are a hundred in number, and seem excellently classified for educational purposes. The work would form a suitable companion to any good text-book, and has answers to all the numerical questions subjoined.

Light as a Means of Investigation, by Professor Stokes (Macmillan & Co.), is a reprint of one of the "Burnett Lectures" read at Aberdeen. It deals with the application of light-absorption to the discrimination of bodies; the rotation of the plane of polarization of polarized light; the application of incandescence as a test of certain facts, especially as to distant bodies; and the information derived from refrangibility of light in certain cases.

Arithmetical Exercises, by Mr. F. C. Horton, B.A. (Seeley & Co.), and *Magnetism and Electricity*, by Mr. W. G. Baker (Blackie & Son), are two of those smaller school books which have in recent years been so lavishly published, and, we may add, carefully prepared.

The "Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching" have now issued Part II. of their *Elements of Plane Geometry* (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) It is prepared on the lines indicated

in their Part I., which, on its appearance some three years ago, attracted considerable attention. Book III. gives with admirable clearness the leading properties of the circle, the propositions being buttressed by corollaries and well-chosen riders. Books IV. and V. deal with "ratio" and proportion, their application to similar figures and to comparison of areas. We believe, however, that the initial sections of both parts of Book IV. should be relegated to a treatise on algebra. No adequate comparison of ratios seems possible to any method which is merely geometric. The work is excellently edited.

An *Algebra for the Students of the University of the Cape of Good Hope*, by William Thomson, M.A. (Sampson Low & Co.), offers few points for criticism. The sets of examples, however, and the working out of the examples evince the skill of a practised algebraist.

A well-executed translation, *The First Year of Scientific Knowledge*, by the late Paul Bert (Relfe Brothers), is a good specimen of what we regard as an undesirable style of text-book. Within 344 pages, it attempts to convey some notions of natural history, physics, chemistry, and physiology, both animal and vegetable. The book has abundance of useful illustrations (the figures, however, sometimes betraying their French origin), summaries, and sets of questions. We believe this gateway of knowledge has attained great success in the late unfortunate author's own country.

In the *Prospector's Handbook* (Crosby Lockwood & Co.), by Mr. J. W. Anderson, M.A., we have evidence of a practical acquaintance with the mineral fields of New Zealand in one hemisphere and New Mexico in the other. The sound experimental information is sometimes sandwiched by definitions and scraps of scientific lore which, in the interests of the average miner and prospector, might be discarded advantageously in a future edition. There are some useful tables, in one of which we detect an inaccuracy as to the value of the kilometre in miles.

As an important accession to mathematical literature, and almost forming what may be termed a new departure, we gladly note Professor Chrystal's *Algebra: an Elementary Text-book for the Higher Classes of Secondary Schools and for Colleges* (A. & C. Black). From works of the orthodox type familiar to British youth the stride to this treatise is startling. Mr. Todhunter, for example, obsequiously followed in the wake of Dr. Wood and Mr. Lund; all his methods were of the traditional garb and complexion, unless when (as sections 36-39 of *Differential Calculus*, ninth edition, compared with M. Navier's *Leçons d'Analyse*) he embodied the thoughts of a foreign mathematician, sometimes absolutely without acknowledgment. Mr. Chrystal has entirely thrown off the traditional manner and method, and the result is a text-book on algebraic form not only characterized by originality and power, but, what is rarer in works written by men of advanced knowledge, by a genuine sympathy with the student's efforts as he proceeds to fresh generalizations, higher methods and applications. Here and there the foundations laid may at first sight seem too broad and the theorems too general; but Mr. Chrystal's main object being to develop algebra as a science, he wisely prepares the ground for the student's advanced work by being thorough and comprehensive from the first. Prepared on such lines, many of the proofs require close and sustained thought; but, being in the hands of a skilled instructor, the reader finds the strongly-charged theoretical matter admirably relieved by excellent illustration. We have nowhere seen the theory of factors or that of complex numbers and variables treated so fully and adequately. Other striking features are his chapters on the equivalence of systems of equations, on graphical illustrations, and his discussion of the easier problems in maxima and minima. We should also instance Mr. Chrystal's tact in introducing at early stages the theory of numbers and that of integral functions. In evidence of the range and comprehension of the book-work and accompanying illustrative matter, it may suffice to note that, though this Part I. occupies 542 pages, the proof of the binomial theorem is relegated to a succeeding volume.

In the *Elements of Thermal Chemistry*, by Messrs. Muir and Wilson (Macmillan & Co.), we have an able and trustworthy attempt to systematize recent investigations and theories regarding the distribution of energy in chemical phenomena. All workers in this field hitherto have attended almost exclusively to the distribution of matter, but Naumann, Thomson, Berthelot, Clerk-Maxwell, and others have now brought this later aspect of every chemical operation into prominence. After illustrating the methods of inquiry, the book shows how thermal methods are applied to chemical questions and also to some which are only partially chemical, concluding with a discussion of the "chemical interpretation to be given to thermal data in the light of the prevalent theories" regarding matter and energy.

The *Practical Introduction to Chemistry*, by Mr. W. A. Shenstone (Rivingtons), is evidently based upon lectures by a painstaking and successful teacher.

Professor Everett's *Outlines of Natural Philosophy* (Blackie & Son) is well adapted for non-mathematical students. It sets forth clearly and plainly the leading elementary principles in dynamics, hydrostatics, heat, light, sound, and electricity. Formulae are entirely discarded, and the woodcut illustrations are both frequent and well chosen.

Mr. R. E. Day's *Numerical Examples in Heat* (Longmans, Green, & Co.) must greatly assist many beginners in applying scientific principles to the solution of problems in which arithmetical results are required. The examples relate to expansion, buoyancy, pressure, density, latent heat, heat engines, &c.

Acoustics, Light, and Heat, by Mr. W. Lees (Collins & Co.), is written in accordance with the "Syllabus of the Government Department of Science and Art." It contains many good diagrams, and concludes with nine sets of examination-papers—without, however, any answers being given.

Mr. H. H. Turner's *Examples on Heat and Electricity* (Macmillan) is a grouped collection of problems given at the Cambridge Examinations, intended primarily for students working for Section D of Part III. of the Mathematical Tripos. Of course these examples are of no use whatever to beginners. Mr. Levander's *Questions on Magnetism and Electricity* (Lewis), on the contrary, is for elementary readers, being mainly the detailed solution of the questions set at the London University from 1860 to 1884.

Solutions of London University Questions on Magnetism and Electricity, by Mr. F. W. Levander (Lewis), now appears in a second edition. Mr. J. Warren's *Elements of Plane Trigonometry* (Longmans) has some neat proofs and is well got up; but why still talk of "grades," "French minutes," &c., when such subdivisions are never heard of in France?

School Electricity, by J. E. H. Gordon, B.A. (Sampson Low & Co.), has a thoroughly practical aim, and seems well suited for conveying to classes such a knowledge of the science as shall be useful. The principal electrical appliances and methods are discussed, with good notes here and there on theory, and many clearly-marked definitions.

The Clarendon Press Delegates have as yet done little towards pure mathematics, one work in four volumes on "The Infinitesimal Calculus" being, so far as we remember, their only contribution hitherto. Now, however, we have *The Mathematical Theory of Electricity and Magnetism*, by Messrs. H. W. Watson and S. H. Burbury. The first volume, on Electrostatics, is based upon the late Professor Maxwell's work, and serves to supplement his mathematical treatment of the "two-fluid theory" and its developments. Maxwell's hypothesis of electrical displacement is also discussed in the final chapter.

Mr. A. M. Worthington's *First Course of Physical Laboratory Practice* (Rivingtons) will be of great service in class-teaching, especially in the experimental work done by the pupils. The attention to details is admirable.

In *Constructive Geometry of Plane Curves* (Macmillan) Mr. T. H. Eagles gives the solution of a large and well-arranged collection of problems, a constant feature being the actual delineation of the curves involved. The methods and accompanying remarks imply a thorough knowledge of the mathematical basis; while the scheme is so comprehensive as to include the anharmonic properties of conics and the graphic solution of equations.

Messrs. H. S. Hall and S. R. Knight's *Elementary Algebra* (Macmillan) has a very numerous and well-arranged collection of examples. Their treatment of factors is full and excellent, but that of simultaneous equations seems somewhat incomplete. Also, why adhere to an old-fashioned solution of quadratic equations which has long been practically discarded?

Professor Huxley's *Lessons in Elementary Physiology* (Macmillan) requires no comment. This new and improved edition has had the advantage of being supervised by Dr. M. Foster.

Weekly Problem Papers (Macmillan), by the Rev. J. J. Milne, forms a most suitable sequel to the ordinary text-books. A second edition should give the answers to the questions in algebra, trigonometry, and analytical conics, &c.

The *raison d'être* of Mr. W. J. Millar's *Introduction to the Differential and Integral Calculus* (Blackie) is by no means obvious. It contains nothing that is new, and much that has already been treated to more advantage from the standpoint proposed.

The *Algebra* in "Elementary Text-books" (Blackie) is evidently written by one experienced in the subject and skilled in the work of instruction.

Elements of Inorganic Chemistry, by Mr. J. H. Shepard (Boston, U.S.A.: Heath), is skilfully arranged for laboratory work, and will prove valuable to many teachers. Perhaps the preface shows a trace of that sense of infallibility which some attribute to Boston, U.S.A.

THE FAR INTERIOR.*

AFRICA has not yet become, nor is it likely to become, the resort of easy-going summer and winter tourists, and Mr. Kerr has been through a part of that country which has rarely, if at all, been visited by any white face. But, like other offenders in this respect, he might have condensed his materials. The first three chapters would not have been missed. Divers moral reflections could have been spared. On the other hand, though Mr. Kerr is a sportsman and had often when fagged and exhausted to go out and shoot deer and antelope in order to keep his camp followers alive, his narrative is not one about express bullets, bone-smashing, butchery, and sport. His descriptions of scenery are lively and graphic. He seems on the whole to have managed his followers very well, though we confess to getting rather tired of a certain hunter who had served with Mr. F. Selous, and who was always talking about a "little wife" that he had left at home.

* *The Far Interior: a Narrative of Travel and Adventure from the Cape of Good Hope across the Zambesi to the Lake Regions of Central Africa.* By Walter Montagu Kerr, C.E., F.R.G.S. With numerous illustrations, engraved by Mr. J. D. Cooper and others. 2 vols. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1886.

Mr. Kerr, leaving Cape Town, went through many adventures, traversed a large range of country, boldly faced the dreaded region of the tsetse fly, reached Lake Nyassa, descended the Shire River, and finally embarked for England at Quillimane, after about eighteen months of arduous and successful exploration. It would be odd if we could not find many things to interest and instruct in a narrative written by an intelligent and well-educated Scotchman. The illustrations, too, are good, and place both the savages and the scenery vividly before the eye of the reader. Mr. Kerr evidently has the love of camp life and jungle freedom, restricted only by the freaks and mandates of some irresponsible despot, so characteristic of the wandering Englishman of the nineteenth century. He was not easily stopped. Drought, epidemics, tribal wars, ignorance of perplexing dialects, and the desertion of half-starved and intimidated followers had no effect on him. Against human miseries and inconveniences he was tolerably proof. Huts might be stifling, natives filthy, the climate trying from its extremes of wet, cold, and heat; but he seems to have stood such ordeals and to have gone on where a single Englishman of less determination would have been justified in going back. In one point of equipment Mr. Kerr appears to us to have been somewhat improvident. His stores, medicines, and small library were well selected; but his shoe-leather very soon failed. He wore shoes without any nails; and his boots were soon torn to pieces. Any Anglo-Indian sportsman accustomed to stalk bison in an Indian jungle, to climb hard rocks for bears, or to wade through the mud of a rice-field, which turns to hard clay in March and April, would have told him that there was nothing like a thick pair of hob-nailed shooting-boots for a walk through Africa. One secret of health in a tropical climate is to keep the head as cool and the feet as warm as possible. This is not to be effected by common shoes and stockings. Some sportsmen prefer soft preparations of the hide of the sambar deer. They are very well in a dry jungle when the hunter wants to tread with a noiseless step so as to avoid alarming bison and elephants. But for the country described by Mr. Kerr, one of rapid rivers, swamps, and prairies and ranges of rocks, "rent, torn, and turned in every direction," an explorer should have been provided with a pith helmet in its waterproof cover, hand-spun woollen stockings, and the stoutest shooting-boots. Mr. Kerr started with a waggon and six yoke of oxen. But this mode of conveyance was abandoned at the Hanyane River, and from this point all sorts of artifices and promises were resorted to in order to get recruits. Carriers were allured by beads and blankets, white and blue calico, and handkerchiefs of gaudy pattern. Often when dispirited and famished they threatened to abandon their leader; but fortunately they had by that time got so far into the jungles that they preferred going on with a sportsman who at any rate could shoot duiker, buffalo, and deer, to finding their way back without him. The country of the Matabele seems to have been only just touched, though the author had an interview with King Loben, and was well received by him; mainly, we apprehend, owing to the reputation gained by Mr. F. Selous and to the good offices of Mr. Fairbairn, a Scotch gentleman, who traded there in ivory, and who was allowed the private *entrée* into every part of the King's kraal. Permission to go on was not given until the white men had consumed large chunks of beef and jars of *pombe*, or native beer; and Loben, though a tremendous autocrat and master of the lives of all his subjects, seems to have been in other respects by no means a bad sort of fellow. He tolerated missionaries if he ran no risk of conversion; had many wives; and could command the services of warriors who were adepts at wriggling through jungle like snakes till they pounced unawares on their unsuspecting victims with the murderous assegai. King Loben was amazed to find that an eclipse of the sun occurred exactly as Mr. Fairbairn had foretold, but he evidently consoled himself by the remark that the white men, for all their cleverness, could not cure fevers. The Mashonas who border on the Matabeles are a simple and a persecuted race. They are no match for their warlike neighbours; live mainly on meal and nuts; capture game in nets; and fortify themselves in small towns, protected by barriers of thorns against the surprises of the "cruel, crawling" enemy.

Perhaps the most remarkable episode in these volumes is the visit to the capital of Ohuzu, the King of the Makarikori. Mr. Kerr thought that by a straight course he might reach the Zambesi through Chuzu's country. But this potentate was fighting the Portuguese and could hardly be expected to distinguish between one white man and another. Then Mr. Kerr unluckily had not sent word that he was coming and he was not prepared with his presents; and though he was admitted to an interview where his rifle was exhibited ready for use with some effect, the Mashona carriers got alarmed, and matters looked so serious that Mr. Kerr was glad to get off from the town under cover of the darkness, and reach Tette on the Zambesi by a more circuitous route. Chibabara, another chief, was more friendly, produced beer and furnished men, and made things pleasant. The short stay in this country leads the author to moralize on the happy condition of the Makarikori tribe in a strain which the facts noted by him hardly warrant. These people cannot cook; their faces are encrusted with smoke and soot; they make second-rate assegais and hatchets; their odour is most offensive; and yet because the author only heard of a few murders and thefts, he pronounces the tribe more happy than the rough or workman in a crowded English city, because the natives seem to have enough to eat and have no anxieties. Whether meant for satire or for "advanced thinking," this is rather a poor vein of writing.

Soon after the Makarikori came the tsetse fly, and this pest, combined with tropical heat, yielding sand, and want of water, rendered haste a matter of necessity and almost of life. One hundred miles were covered in very little more than four days. Quoting from an earlier traveller, Mr. Kerr describes the tsetse as half an inch in length, with a white belly striped with yellow, brown eyes, and wings like the blades of a pair of scissors. It does not exactly sting or bite, but it sticks, as the Dutch say, pierces the skin with its proboscis, and injects a fluid which is poisonous to oxen, horses, and dogs, though it only seems to annoy human beings. However, unlike the mosquito, the flies give little trouble after sunset; but they come in swarms and are hardly kept off by waving branches and buffalo tails. The Indian *choori* might be of some use here. Clothes seem to be no protection at all.

On arrival at Tette the author was hospitably received by Senhor Braga, the Portuguese governor of a settlement ruined apparently by the increasing scarcity of elephants and the partial stoppage of the slave-trade. Some compensation for the loss of large game may perhaps be found in the fact—if true—that the fly breeds on the dung of the wild buffalo, and decreases as these animals are killed or retreat before the hunter. From Tette Mr. Kerr went almost due north to the Nyassa Lake, stopping by the way at the capital of a king named Chikuse. This personage evidently looked on Mr. Kerr as a spy or a wanderer who had no good object. One of these despots is very much like another; beery, sensual, fat, and suspicious. But here again Mr. Kerr was befriended by a Portuguese named Da Costa, who had won the confidence of Chikuse, and persuaded him to drink tea and to lather his face and hands with soap. Chikuse was said to have two hundred wives, to be in the habit of cutting off the ears and fingers of his subjects and putting out one eye for very small offences, and to be an arrant coward. Slavery flourished under his protecting rule, and the slaves were kept in order during the journey to the coast by a frightful yoke made of the forked branches of a tree. The women are chained by the necks and wrists. Chikuse had no clear notion of any other sort of merchandise. "You are great fools," he said to Mr. Kerr and his friend Da Costa; "why do you not buy people? You are not men." However, it was owing to his gracious permission and influence that Mr. Kerr was enabled to start for Lake Nyassa; but his heaviest disappointment was to find nothing there on his arrival but an empty mission-house and a convert who in broken English told him of the death of all the white men. To make matters worse, he was deserted by some of his followers and attacked by dysentery. Fortunately he was rescued by a French traveller, Lieutenant Giraud, who was exploring the lake in a small steamboat, and had to put into Livingstonia for fuel. From Livingstonia it was easy enough to get out of the great lake at its south-eastern extremity into Lake Pamalombe, and thence down the river Shire. Lieutenant Giraud navigated this stream in the *Itala* rather recklessly, not even anchoring at night, and he landed Mr. Kerr at the mission station of Matope, from which place he marched across to Blantyre, the residence of the manager of the African Lakes Company. It is a curious effect of living long in the wilds that although Mr. Kerr was at first quite delighted with the sight of iron bedsteads, clean sheets and towels, a Bible on the dressing-table, and other resources of civilization, he could not remain long inactive. Pending his departure for the coast he made another hunting expedition, covered seventy miles of ground, saw the spoor of buffalo but shot nothing, and only got rid of some superfluous energy, which, as he admits, he had better have kept in reserve for his descent to the sea. Rather against the advice of Mr. Moir, the manager of the African Lakes Company, the author preferred the descent by water to any more tramping by land. The fragile canoe in which he embarked was very nearly swamped by a hippopotamus; there was a rather exciting conflict with elephants, two or three of which fell before an eight-bore rifle; and the war between the Portuguese and the native tribes did not make the journey less dangerous. But Quillimane was reached in safety, the outgoing steamer was caught, and Mr. Kerr, in spite of his love of adventure and exploration, seems to have been glad enough to reach England in the fine month of May of 1885.

Very naturally a traveller with such experience at the end of his two volumes indulges in speculation, like so many statesmen and philanthropists, as to the possible future of Africa. Is it to remain for ever a country where missionaries spend themselves with small results, sportsmen thin the herds of the antelope and the deer, merchants trade in ivory and human flesh, and explorers like Stanley and Cameron, Speke and Grant and others leave "white lines in erratic courses" to mark their footsteps? The customs of the various tribes are repulsive, amongst others the test of the *muave*, for which the reader is referred to vol. ii. p. 134; and despotism exercised in one tribe or another produces its usual effects on the moral character of the community. Yet, though often abandoned by his followers, Mr. Kerr was never robbed nor poisoned, and was in no danger of secret assassination. Of course in any sudden quarrel arising out of a misunderstanding he might have been speared or knocked on the head. We shall not speculate with him as to the possibilities of increased trade for lawful ends or as to the results of missions which he shows a tendency to disparage. We can only hope that there will be no hasty and premature attempts at colonizing the interior on an extensive scale, and that future travellers, with a little less prolixity in narrative, will exhibit in action the resolution, energy, and good temper which never failed Mr. Kerr in many trying conjunctures.

AN ADVENTUROUS MARINER.*

THE author of the short and judicious preface to this volume is quite justified in calling the late Hobart Pasha a "brave and true-hearted sailor." Young Hobart went to sea as a midshipman in a ship commanded by a young cousin of his, who owed his early promotion more to the influence of his high connexions than to any merit of his own. The youngster had joined his ship, eaten his supper, and swung himself into his hammock, from which he was aroused at early dawn by a noise caused by all hands—officers and men—being called upon to receive the captain, who was coming alongside to assume his command by reading his official appointment:—

I shall never forget his first words. He was a handsome young man, with fine features, darkened, however, by a deep scowl. As he stepped over the side he greeted us by saying to the First Lieutenant in a loud voice, "Put all my boat's crew in irons for neglect of duty." It seems that one of them had kept him waiting for a couple of minutes when he came down to embark. . . . At eleven all hands were called to attend the punishment of the Captain's boat's crew. I cannot describe the horror with which I witnessed six fine sailor-like fellows torn by the frightful cat for having kept this officer waiting a few minutes on the pier.

Another sailor was flogged for giving young Hobart a helping hand in climbing to the masthead, whither the midshipman was sent for punishment. Thank goodness, says the Pasha, "such things cannot be done now." Yet it is within the memory of many living men that a captain, who is called in this volume Sir Wm. N—, and who had, rightly or wrongly, the reputation of being the smartest officer in the navy, used regularly, and as a matter of course, to flog the last man down from furling the sails. Hobart was a kindly man, and he detested tyranny in every form, and was ever ready to oppose it. "Indeed," he says, "I have always done so to such an extent as to have been frequently called by my superiors 'a troublesome character' and a 'sea lawyer.'" Irresponsible power, he thinks, almost necessarily leads to cruelty. "What caused the Indian Mutiny?" he asks. "Let Indian officers or those employed in the Indian Civil Service answer my question." In the case of a captain of a man-of-war especially, the solitude in which he is bound to live, the long, lonely hours of enforced idleness make him "apt to listen to the promptings of the devil." The writer goes on to say, "I have seen a captain order his steward to be flogged almost to death because his pea-soup was not hot. On one occasion the captain of whom I have been writing invited a friend to breakfast with him, and there being, I suppose, a slight monotony in the conversation, he asked his guest whether he would like, by way of diversion, to see a man flogged. The amusement was accepted, and a man was flogged." We may be permitted to hope that the hideous act of more than Oriental cruelty of flogging a man to amuse his guest was never really committed by an English officer and gentleman, and that the tale was the invention of some imaginative friend who knew the listener would lend ready ears to any story tending to give an extra coat of black paint to the portrait of a man whom he had reason perhaps to hate but whom he seems to have hated almost beyond the bounds of reason. In the lighter sketches of his adventures the Admiral seems to have taken as his model one of Captain Marryat's autobiographical heroes. He takes the public into his confidence about his *amourettes* at different ports; and is particularly eloquent and discursive in telling the tale of a beautiful girl at Buenos Ayres whom he loved to frenzy and who was quite ready to elope with him. The midshipman was seventeen years old, and the lady was sixteen. They would have been married; but unfortunately the girl's mother, a handsome woman of forty, chose also to fall in love with Hobart, and made herself so unpleasant to the young people, that the would-be bridegroom had to take refuge on board his ship and never went on shore again during his stay in Buenos Ayres.

A hank of sea yarns would hardly be complete if it did not contain a few allusions to sharks. At Rio de Janeiro Hobart and his shipmates killed thirty of these hideous creatures in one morning, some of them from eight to ten feet long. In relating this circumstance the author slyly remarks, "A shark somewhat reminds me of the torpedo of the present day, and, in my humble opinion, is much more dangerous." Although Hobart was appointed to Her Majesty's yacht as a reward for his "active and zealous services while employed in the suppression of the slave trade," he, like Lord St. Vincent and King William IV. and many sailors of eighty years ago, was by no means convinced that the suppression of this horrible traffic by the common consent and action of the civilized world did not lead to an aggravation of the horrors which it was intended to terminate. His description of the sickening and heartrending sights on a slave schooner from Africa which he himself ran into and captured in the waters of Brazil is too horrible to quote. This is his comment on his own narrative:—

Can Mrs. Beecher Stowe beat this? It is, I can assure my readers, a very mild description of what I saw on board the first cargo of slaves I made the acquaintance of, and by which I was so deeply impressed that I have ever since been sceptical of the benefits conferred upon the Africans by our blockade—at all events of the means employed to abolish slavery.

In spite of the confusion of horrors on board this vessel, horrors which it is too painful to write down even at second-hand, strange to say, children were constantly being born. "In fact, just after

I got on board an unfortunate creature was delivered of a child close to where I was standing, and jumped into the sea, baby and all, immediately afterwards." And now as to the future fortune of the blacks who survived and who were set free:—

First of all they were cleaned, clothed after a fashion, and fed; then they were sent to an English colony—such, for example, as Demerara—where they had to serve seven years as apprentices (something, I must admit, very like slavery), after which they were free for ever and all. I fear they generally used their freedom in a way that made them a public nuisance wherever they were. However, they were free, and that satisfied the philanthropists.

On board the Royal yacht it was only through the kind consideration of the Prince Consort that the officers were allowed to smoke at all, and the place allotted to them for this recreation was the house belonging to two pretty Alderney cows, kept for supplying milk and butter for the Royal table. Her Majesty was very fond of these animals, and used to visit them every day, while the young Princes were held up to look in at the window through which the petted animals would stretch their necks. One day, *suadente diavolo*, and moved to mischief by idleness, Hobart amused himself by painting the noses and horns of these cows bright blue. "The next morning Her Majesty—well, I think I had better say no more about this. I was denounced, and had to keep out of the way for a day or two. Then it was that the good-natured Prince proved himself a friend, and got me out of my scrape." After two years' happy service on board the yacht, Hobart passed for several years in the Mediterranean squadron "the usual humdrum life of a naval officer during times of profound peace." On one occasion he was sent to Rome with despatches from Lord Palmerston to the Pope. Cardinal Antonelli told the young lieutenant that he could not expect to see the Supreme Pontiff, and that he must give the despatches to him. "No, sir," said the messenger, who always stoutly obeyed orders, "to the Pope I give these despatches, or I take them back again." He carried his point, and had a most gracious reception from His Holiness. He was also employed in conveying communications between Garibaldi and General Oudinot. On these occasions he wore on his arm a red scarf, as a token that he was not a belligerent. The badge, however, was of little service to him, as he was generally fired at while he was passing the space between the French camp and Garibaldi's headquarters in Rome.

When the Crimean War broke out Hobart was appointed first lieutenant of a ship in the Baltic fleet. Of Admiral Sir Charles Napier he seems to have thought as most sailors on that station thought. Perhaps his opinion of the old sea-dog who had notoriously lost his nerve some time before the Declaration of War between Great Britain and Russia was somewhat prejudiced by that officer's brutal rudeness to himself, when the first lieutenant of H.M.S. — applied to him for promotion. "Don't ye come crying to me, sir," said the Commander-in-Chief; "you are a lord's son; I'll have nothing to do wi' ye." The following anecdote of the blustering Admiral who made the famous braggadocio speech at the Reform Club dinner about sharpening cutlasses bears the internal evidence of truth. One morning he received a despatch from England, which he threw over to S—, the Admiral of the fleet, saying, "What would you do, mun, if ye received a letter like this?" S— said, "If I received a letter like that I'd attack Revel or Sveaborg if I lost half my fleet." The Chief replied, "I haven't got nerve to do it, and I'm damned well sure C— hasn't." "There are," writes Admiral Hobart, "many living besides myself who can vouch for the accuracy of this statement." During the American Civil War the doings of Captain Roberts, whom most folks identify with the then Captain Hobart, though he half-jokingly defies any one to prove his identity with that "miscreant," are fresh in the minds of most of us. We cannot here recapitulate any of the exploits of the bold adventurer who was at least as good at trading as at fighting. We will only say a word or two about the nature and disposal of his cargoes. He ran one day into Wilmington with a cargo of corsets, tooth-brushes, and Cockle's pills. The corsets went off briskly, and at a considerable profit; tooth-brushes were dull, and he found his Cockle's pills literally a drug. The shrewd skipper, however, swapped his Cockle's pills at Nassau for two chests of lucifer matches, which he sold to considerable advantage, and the tooth-brushes which were condemned at Wilmington found at Richmond a ready sale at seven times their prime cost.

When Hobart entered the Sultan's service the successful blockade-runner of American ports was himself employed to stop the blockade-running in Greece. Of his success in this direction we shall leave the Admiral to speak for himself. The experimental and practical philosophy of blockade-running is thus promulgated by this famous expert in the business:—"So long as batteries at the entrance of the port blockaded keep ships at a respectable distance, the blockade will be broken. . . . An armed blockade-runner is a pirate if she uses her guns against a man-of-war." The Admiral's complaints against the English Admiralty seem to us more acrimonious than just. His remarks on the "sacred circle" of Constantinople society are as caustic as they are witty, and they have much more than a grain of truth in them. In Admiral Hobart Pasha's case it is the obverse of the old proverb which is true. He was more of a prophet in his own country than in the land which bestowed on him emoluments and honours—emoluments and honours for which, for some cause or another, he was called upon to do little service latterly.

* *Sketches of My Life.* By the late Admiral Hobart Pasha. London: Longmans & Co.

SOME MAPS AND DIAGRAMS.

AS the ordinary man seldom shoots in a gun except at times of war or sport, so he does not often look in a map except for some special reason. But when that special reason occurs it is of as much importance to him that his map should be trustworthy as that his gun should. It is seldom that so elaborate a cartographic attempt as the new edition of Stanford's Library Map of London and its Suburbs (London: E. Stanford) comes before us from an English publisher. For, though no map-making in the world excels the best English work such as Mr. Stanford's, Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston's, and that of one or two others, there is in map publishing, as in the publishing of illustrated books, a certain hesitation and adherence to the beaten track on the part of our providers as compared with those of the Continent. This London map of Mr. Stanford's is not an entirely new enterprise. But all map-students know that, if it be less costly, the working up of an old map is even harder than the designing and engraving of a new one. The portentous and unceasing growth of the English capital is nearly as much of a nuisance to map and guide makers as to the hapless Commissioner of Police with his yearly task of rearranging beats. And Mr. Stanford, at least, has not the strength of mind of certain of his fellow-publishers, who in Court Guides and the like have fixed for themselves an arbitrary London of their own, and blandly decline to follow the builder or the dweller who chooses to ignore their limits. In twenty-four sheets of goodly size, on a scale of six inches to the mile, this map boldly grapples with City and suburbs, from Cricklewood, N.W. to Beckenham, S.E., and from Wimbledon, S.W., to Leyton, N.E. It is not every one of course who has room for such a map, yet such a map is becoming more and more necessary. For the cabman has long since confessed that he is not quite equal to this occasion, and, indeed, it is not uncommon nowadays to find cabmen quite ignorant of well-known places in the heart of London proper. And the multiplication of railway stations is a mere delusion to the stranger, who, if he has a choice between Notting Hill and Notting Hill Gate, between Clapham and Clapham Junction, between Finchley and Finchley Road, is, according to the ordinary law of human affairs, certain to take the wrong one, and find himself turned out on a wet night in dress shoes, amid a neighbourhood hopelessly cableless, anywhere between half a mile and two miles from his destination. That this map is excellently engraved need hardly be said, and, as far as the entry of new roads goes, it may be well spoken of. It leaves, however, something to desire in point of accuracy and fullness of nomenclature. We are aware that this is a point on which a publisher is helpless, and even a responsible editor, if there be such, very much at the mercy of his subordinate nomenclators. But we are a little surprised to find, for instance, Shaftesbury Avenue, though its course is indicated after a fashion, not named, and the very large and important building and grounds which St. Paul's School has now for some time occupied at Hammersmith left a mere blank. Moreover, in taking a new suburban district and examining the street names carefully, we find them in more instances than one within the compass of a few square inches wrongly given, misspelt, and otherwise delusive. A work of this magnitude and general excellence of invention cannot be too carefully revised in these respects, more especially as errors tend to perpetuate themselves, and sometimes cause serious trouble and annoyance to those who consult it.

We may have noticed before Mr. Stanford's excellent series of Parliamentary maps, showing the new divisions of counties and boroughs, but some editions of them dating not far back are before us, and it will generally be admitted that even now the general public is by no means familiar with the subject.

Maps of Egypt so plentiful but a year or two ago are now scarce; but we have a fine wall one from Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston (London and Edinburgh), displaying not merely the beggarly Egypt which English mismanagement has left to the Khedive, but the great country which, unless Germany or Italy anticipate us, we shall one day have to reconquer. Another good example of the work of this house is a large wall-map of the West Indies, in which the straggling character of the group has necessitated a rather disproportionate reduction of the scale of individual islands as compared with the apparent size of the map. But this is unavoidable, and, after all, the general effects, and not the details, are what is aimed at in such maps. Of the exact utility of large sheets of diagrams representing chemical utensils—a life-size beaker, a stand of test tubes quite distinct and natural, and so forth—which we also receive from Messrs. Johnston, we confess that we have never had any distinct idea. They seem to us very much on a level with those incomprehensible representations of patty pans *au naturel* and salmon reposing uncut on dishes which many compilers of cookery books seem to consider in some way luminous, interesting, and instructive as to the first principles of cookery and philosophy. But the scientific man loves such diagrams, and the scientific man must have his way. We have no such cavils for some further numbers of the excellent series of animal pictures which Messrs. Johnston publish, and of which we noticed some in our last article of this kind. These will not only light up the school-room wall, but will in many cases be a real revelation to town children. A famous lion and lioness (the well-known disproportion of the former's forequarters and head a little masked by the designer's art, but not concealed); a still better tiger, without that excessive length of body which many artists give; a very good

fox, with exactly the air of intelligent but respectable sharpness which a fox has, and which is ten times more in character with Reynard than the exaggerated and self-betraying slyness which is often drawn; and a highly philosophic chimpanzee, with some resemblance to Socrates in countenance, make up the set, while we have also a "race-type" picture of the mild Hindoo.

We must also briefly notice here an ingenious plate of *Illustrated Stable Maxims* (Longmans). The maxims are sound and the diagrams chiefly anatomical and well chosen. But will groom attend to them? We rather doubt it, and seem to hear muttered in the intervals of straw-chewing something very like "Darn your illustrated maxims! Do they think I don't know a 'oss when I sees him?"

And in conclusion we have to mention the very elaborate and beautiful Trigonometrical Survey of the Island of Cyprus (Stanford), which will be by itself a monument of the English occupation; a *British Colonial Pocket Atlas* (Walker), which is a model of portability and clearness, and the *Jubilee Atlas of the British Empire* (Philip), which is very handy, well filled within its space, and furnished with some useful letterpress.

WHICH ARE THACKERAY'S?

A FIRM of publishers having, with the sanction, we presume, of Mr. Thackeray's family, given to the world a complete edition of such of the works of that author as it was thought desirable to perpetuate, questions naturally arise why the sketches and stories contained in this volume were not published in that collection, and why they have now been issued by another publisher. We shall hazard no guess as to the correct answer to the latter inquiry. As to the answer to the former question, Mr. Redway publishes a letter from Mr. Swinburne in which that gentleman says that "*Elizabeth Brownrigg* ought to be Mr. Thackeray's; for, if it is not, he stole the idea and, to some extent, the style of his parodies on novels of criminal life from this first sketch of the kind." Mr. Swinburne's deduction is not very logical. The bombast, the false sentiment, the pestilent immorality of such works as *Eugene Aram* and *Paul Clifford* must have been obnoxious and apparent to many other literary men besides Mr. Thackeray, who, if he had written the parody in question, must have done so when he was about nineteen years old. The decision, however, must rest with readers themselves, and they will be perplexed between passages which are eminently Thackerayan and others which are very much the reverse.

Sultan Stork, on the other hand, which purports to be told by Scheherazade on the thousand and second of the *Arabian Nights*, is undoubtedly the work of Mr. Thackeray, and is quite pretty and funny enough to have found a place in his collected miscellanies. *Dickens in France* is as good in its way as Mr. Thackeray's analysis of Alexandre Dumas's *Kean* in the *Paris Sketch-Book*. Fancy the great French critic pronouncing the interest of *Nicholas Nickleby* to hinge mainly upon *incest and adultery*, and the French playwright who dramatized the tale making Smike turn out to be the Earl of Clarendon!

There are other slight sketches in this volume which are evidently by Mr. Thackeray, and several of his *obiter dicta* in them are worth preserving. How good the mock eulogium on the impartiality of M. Thiers, who is called the *valet de chambre* of history, to whom no deeds of heroes are heroic!

Mr. Thackeray, as we all know, once stood as a Liberal candidate for a seat in Parliament. But modern Liberals, at any rate, would scarcely allow his right to the title. Many of their shibboleths his tongue could not utter, and Colonel Newcome himself had scarcely a stronger tincture of genuine but unacknowledged Toryism. In a review of Carlyle's *French Revolution*, reprinted in this volume, he writes:—

Pert quacks at public meetings joke about hereditary legislators; journalists gibe at them, and moody starving labourers, who do not know how to jest but can hate lustily, are told to curse crowns and coronets as the origin of their woes and their poverty, and so did the clever French spouters and journalists gibe at royalty until royalty fell poisoned under their satire; and so did the screaming, hungry French mob curse royalty until they overthrew it; and to what end? To bring tyranny, and leave starvation, battering down Bastilles to erect guillotines, and, murdering Kings, to set up Emperors in their stead.

We do not assume to fix Mr. Thackeray's rank or to appraise his merits as an art critic. We only know that, in our opinion, few of his minor writings are so pleasant to read as his shrewd and genial comments on modern painters and paintings. How delightful his comment on a picture of Mr. Webster's which, *Consule Planco*, all the world ran to look at and to admire:—

Two boys are bound for school. Breakfast is hurried over (a horrid early breakfast), the trunk is packed, Papa is pulling on his boots; there is the coach coming down the hill and the guard blowing his pitiless horn. All the little girls are gathered round their brothers; the elder is munching a biscuit and determined to be a man; but the younger, whom the little sister of all has got hold of by the hand, can't bear the parting and is crying his eyes out. I quarrel with Mr. Webster for making one laugh at the boy and giving him a comic face. I say that no man who has experienced it has a right to laugh at such a sorrow. . . . Oh, that first night at school! those bitter, bitter tears at night, as you lay awake in the silence, poor little lonely boy yearning after love and home. Life has sorrow enough, God knows, but I swear none like that.

* *Sultan Stork; and other Stories and Sketches*. By William Makepeace Thackeray. London: George Redway.

Of Turner's famous *Frile and the Rock Limpet* he writes:—

What can I say of Turner's Napoleon? He stands in the midst of a scarlet tornado, looking at least forty feet high. . . . O, for the old days before Mr. Turner had lighted on *The Fallacies*, and could see like other people.

Mr. Thackeray positively revelled in the enjoyment of a well-painted landscape:—

I wish [he writes in this same paper], I wish you could look at the hearty fresh English landscapes of Lee and Creswick; where you can almost see the dew on the fresh grass, and trace the ripple of the water and the whispering in the foliage of the cool wholesome wind.

Men who are not convinced by Mr. Howells's precept and example that "the art of Fiction has become a finer art in our day than it was with Dickens and Thackeray," and women who do not agree with a voluminous and sentimental lady novelist that it would be a dreadful evil to have Colonel Newcome "for a father, uncle, husband, or confidential friend," will hardly be altogether displeased with a book which, however foolishly and injudiciously compiled, gives them some more last words to listen to from a man most of whose words were wise, while all of them were honest. His surviving friends, as they recall to mind many of his sayings, which were strangely like some of the opinions recorded in this volume, will say, if not aloud, at any rate in the silence of their hearts:—"Heu! quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse!"

THE LAW OF LETTERS.

[It is generally known that Bacon wrote Shakspeare; fewer persons know that Herr Eugen Reichel has just discovered in a pamphlet (*Wer schrieb das Novum Organon?* Stuttgart: Bonz. London: Nutt) that Bacon did not write the *Novum Organon*, but stole it from some *Originalverfasser*, and spoilt it in the stealing.]

IN his chamber (matters nothing
If in London or Llanwddyn),
O'er a learned German pamphlet
Sat the critic, darkly brooding.

Well he knew the fact tremendous
How the world was all mistaken,
How the plays they call of Shakspeare
Written (really) were by Bacon.

Now, by grace of German learning,
Further light upon him darted,
Showing this same Francis Bacon
Quite as strangely overparted.

First came Liebig, Justus Liebig,
Liebig of the Liebig's Extract,
Who some thirty years ago had
Bacon's sense and Bacon's text racked,

Showing what a fool was Bacon.
Then came Reichel, showing clearly
Bacon stole and spoilt the *Org'non*—
Bacon was a robber, merely.

Last, the critic, darkly brooding,
Has the final *saltus* taken,
Solving all the famous myst'ry
Of the "*firma* Shakspeare-Bacon."

Shakspeare wrote the *Novum Org'non*;
Bacon stole it, but suspected
How by learned future Germans
All the fraud would be detected;

And, despairing of admission
Midst the philosophic Lamas,
Like an overrated person,
Went and wrote all Shakspeare's dramas.

Or, perchance, 'twas an atonement,
Or a little bit of barter,
Or, in short, the deuce knows only
What this funny pair were "arter."

But the case confirms the dictum
Of the great Augustus Moddle
(Dictum far beyond the deeming
Of its sad creator's noddle).

Wise the child that knows its father;
Wise e'en they who know their mothers;
And the Law of Letters still is
"Everything is just Another's."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. LÉON HENNIQUE'S *Pœuf* (1) is a pretty little book, containing a pretty little story. It is not improved by a touch of Naturalist dwelling on details, not in this case at all objectionable, but simply unimportant, yet its merits are consider-

(1) *Pœuf*. Par Léon Hennique. Paris: Tresse et Stock.

able. "Pœuf" is a bearded sapper, who has specially devoted himself to his colonel's little boy. In a fit of jealousy the good Pœuf murders a superior officer, and is of course shot. The child tells the story, and has found a very capable secretary in M. Hennique. Nothing prettier or more entirely free from the "hoof" than the picture of André the hero's child-loves with his friend Marie has been written in French for a long time; and the execution (which André witnesses surreptitiously) is equally well done, though very different.

The *réclame*, distributed as usual with the second series of M. Marcellin Pellet's *Variétés révolutionnaires* (2), reprinted from the *République française*, very honestly admits that there is a certain amount of "propagande" in it. There is, indeed, so much that, not having either space or inclination to enter on a counter-propagande, we must dismiss M. Pellet with very brief notice. It is characteristic, and perhaps sufficiently characteristic, that not one or two, but we think at least half a dozen, of his papers are devoted to befouling, by insinuation rather than open attack, the memory of Marie Antoinette. He is, of course, furious with M. Taine, and in such phrases as "rhéteur essoufflé," "cuistrerie," and so forth, betrays (a thousand times more damagingly to his own case than if he had tried solid argument) his sense of the fatal effect of such work as the *Conquête jacobine* on the revolution myth.

We can hardly give a better idea of M. Paulhan's brief psychological treatise (3), both to those who do and to those who do not take an interest in such studies, than by quoting an early passage from it:—

L'homme est un ensemble d'organes reliés et mis en harmonie par un de ces organes, le système nerveux: l'unité qu'il a, il la tient de la systématisation de ces organes, systématisation incomplète mais réelle. L'homme peut aussi être considéré comme un ensemble, un complexe imparfaitement organisé de systèmes organico-psychiques; les systèmes principaux se décomposent eux-mêmes en systèmes secondaires, et ceux-ci en d'autres moins importants, et ces systèmes s'entrecroisent, s'associent les uns avec les autres et se démembrant.

Nothing can be clearer than that as to M. Paulhan's point of view, though perhaps his style might be improved.

We notice *Home Rule* (4) only to point out the curious indifference which permits such stuff to be put before the French public on any subject of current interest. A personage describes himself as "William Duthy, Comte de Bilgdare, Duc de Fitz-Ormond, demeurant au lieu de Black-Mag," and his representative talks about "les terres volées par les Saxons à mes aïeux les Fitz-Ormond." A writer who can play such grotesque tricks with one of the best known of Irish names—a name which may be said to be of European reputation—is evidently in the "wapen-take" and "première de la quatrième" stage as to information, though unluckily without the genius which has been found in company.

No possible objection can be taken to Vigny's prose as a medium of instruction in French as far as style goes, though we believe we speak a general opinion when we say that his work—at any rate his prose work—is often found rather dry and uninteresting. This, however, applies less to the episodes of the *Servitude et grandeur* than to *Cing-Mars*, and Mr. Clapin might easily have made a worse selection (5). Of his editing we shall only say that the introduction seems to us a great deal too meagre, and the notes a good deal too full—especially of translation—and sometimes oddly chosen. A note on Desaix which says nothing about Marengo is a very singular thing. As for the Head-master of "Westward Ho's" *Gender Card* (6), it is one of those mysterious mechanical devices in education which we always approach with a certain dread of their "going off." Mr. Price appears to have counted the number of times in which certain terminations occur in ten thousand words, and, with the aid of different-coloured inks, figures, and two or three rules, has made a table of them. Honestly, we do not quite understand what he is driving at; but we always have a certain liking for what we do not understand.

January produced some numbers of interest in various periodicals. The polyglot *Revue coloniale internationale* has a good article on French North Africa, and some useful bibliography. The *Revue internationale* has changed its director (Signor de Gubernatis having transferred it to Signor Fantoni) and its seat from Florence to Rome. An article by Signor R. Bonghi on Minghetti is its chief attraction. The *Annales des sciences politiques* (Paris: Alcan), founded last year, holds its ground, and contains some excellent papers.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

IT has occurred to Mr. Louis Jennings, M.P., to present the hard facts of Mr. Gladstone's career in true sequence, duly authenticated step by step, for the benefit of those persons not sufficiently instructed in the "versatility" of the statesman. Mr. Gladstone: a Study (Blackwood & Sons) is the plain book

(2) *Variétés révolutionnaires*. Deuxième série. Par Marcellin Pellet. Paris: Alcan.

(3) *Les phénomènes affectifs*. Par Fr. Paulhan. Paris: Alcan.

(4) *Home Rule; Maurs irlandaises*. Paris: Savine.

(5) *Lacanne de jone*. Par A. de Vigny. Edited by Rev. A. C. Clapin. London: Hachette.

(6) *Practical French Gender Card*. By Cornell Price. London: Livingtons.

for plain men it claims to be; the style simple and direct, the method excellent, the conclusions irresistible. It is not easy, however, to perceive how the book in its present form is to find easy circulation among the working-men of the country, for whom Mr. Jennings, according to the preface, has been induced to compile this effective record. In one matter the author's happy treatment of a complex subject has already been signalized. The correspondent who lately questioned Mr. Gladstone on the authenticity of certain articles in the *Quarterly Review*, ascribed to Mr. Gladstone and liberally quoted by Mr. Jennings, received an answer which is less satisfactory to the anxious inquirer than to Mr. Jennings. To multiply inquiries of this sort is one admirable result of this book which may be confidently anticipated.

Recollections of Eminent Men, by Edwin Percy Whipple (Boston: Ticknor), is a volume of reviews from American periodicals, and of critical sketches of Emerson, Agassiz, Motley, and other eminent persons. Mr. Whipple was obviously a critic of the emotional and sympathetic order. His measure of contemporaries is somewhat excessive, and his judgment of literary achievements is more distinguished by the fervour of adoring admiration than by the acuteness of critical perception. The articles on George Eliot are, perhaps, extreme examples of insobriety; but even when treating of Americans Mr. Whipple was apt to be enslaved by his appreciative instinct. Thus, in the sketch of Rufus Choate we find some astonishing estimates. If Choate had chosen to write history "he would, I think, have excelled Prescott, Irving, Bancroft, Palfrey, and Motley; for, without any disrespect to those eminent historians, he was intrinsically more richly gifted than any of them." And again (p. 57), "Now Choate with much of Byron's intensity had more of Shakespeare's comprehensiveness"; and (p. 64), "Erskine, a man whose natural powers were much below Choate's." This is the very facile way of generosity. Even more futile is the commentary on the good things Rufus Choate scattered like pearls in his diaries and conversation. "If I live," writes Choate, "all blockheads which are shaken at certain mental peculiarities shall know and feel a reasoner, a lawyer, and a man of business." This petty assertion is elaborately magnified by Mr. Whipple. He bids us note what a "delicious thing" is this substitution of "which" for "who," applied to the "pompous blockheads of the bar," and is exceedingly anxious that we should enjoy the witticism to the full. Lecturing on Marie Antoinette on one occasion, Rufus Choate was delivered of this trite simile—"The beauty of Austria fell from her brow, like a veil, in a single night." And upon this the commentator enlarges with childish exaltation:—"Anybody who appreciates the meaning of the word 'imagination' cannot fail to note the force of 'the beauty of Austria.' It was not merely the Queen's individual beauty, but the beauty of her mother Maria Theresa, and of all the princesses of the Hapsburg House since its foundation, that fell from her brow 'like a veil' in a single night. The beauty was a mere 'veil' that must be dropped when the fierce passions of a famished and enraged populace," &c. We wonder whether the author had read *Antony and Cleopatra*, and how he came to be regarded as a critic. And yet, if we credit the editor of the present volume, Mr. Whipple had "a profound unerring penetration of an author's meaning" and an "infallible divination of character."

Studies in Italian Literature, by Catherine Mary Phillimore (Sampson Low & Co.), is a volume of essays, reprinted with additions from the reviews and magazines in which they were originally published. Their subjects are the *Paradiso* of Dante, Petrarca, Tasso, the early Italian printers, the Italian drama, Manzoni, Alessandro Manzoni, Count Arrivabene, and Edoardo Fusch, to which a short poem, founded on a legend connected with Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" at Milan, is added. The essays do not make pretension to originality, but they are carefully and gracefully written. The exterior of the volume would be handsome in its white vellum, and with its appropriate Florentine lily in gold, if its comeliness had not been marred by a repetition of the title, which sprawls in badly-written copy-book letters across one side of it.

Few public speeches so completely merit publication in book form as the addresses of Mr. Lowell. Whether the occasion be the unveiling of a bust or statue, or the Harvard anniversary, or the opening of a public library, Mr. Lowell has always some criticism at hand that is worth recalling when the ceremonial that suggested it is a thing of the past. In *Democracy, and other Addresses* (Macmillan & Co.), are a number of terse discourses on books and authors that are sure of a larger audience than they originally found. Sagacious, pointed, and full of the suggestiveness that arouses dissent as well as assent, the book is keenly stimulative and refreshing.

Gotham and the Gothamites (Field & Tuer), otherwise "New York and New Yorkers," embodies the observations of Baron Heinrich Oscar von Karlstein on the rich and strange aspects of life in New York. The observer emulates the frank and fearless ways of Max O'Rell, for whose method it is clear he entertains a sincere admiration.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s cheap reissue of "English Men of Letters," of which we have received Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Johnson* and Mr. R. H. Hutton's *Scott*, should greatly increase the popularity of this excellent series of critical biographies. The limp cloth binding is likely to prove the more popular of the two forms of the new edition, as the paper cover, besides being of a hideous tint, is extremely flimsy. The works of Boswell and Lockhart suggest the sternest of all possible tests of the art of paraphrase.

Differing in method, the monographs of Mr. Stephen and Mr. Hutton present some essential points of agreement, while each, in its distinctive style, is a skilful example of condensation.

Tales from Chaucer, by Mrs. Haweis (Routledge), is the latest addition to the "World Library" of cheap reprints. That almost forgotten but once notorious work of Robert Chambers, *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, is included in "Morley's Universal Library." The "pocket-volume edition" of Lord Lytton's novels, of which *Pelham* (Routledge) is before us, is neat in appearance, though rather bulky for the pocket. In the very pretty "Pocket Library" of the same publishers we have *Poems by Elizabeth Barrett Barrett*, apparently a reprint of Mrs. Browning's poems of 1844 containing *A Drama of Exile* and other poems.

For the "Canterbury Poets" Mr. J. Logie Robertson edits a selection of Allan Ramsay's *Poems* (Walter Scott), to which is prefixed a well-written and judicious notice of the author of *The Gentle Shepherd*. From the same publisher we have received *Essays by Leigh Hunt*, edited by Mr. Arthur Symonds for the "Camelot Classics" series. The editor's estimate of the fugitive writings of Hunt is sound and discriminating.

In a reissue of Mr. Joseph Hutton's brochure, *The Lyceum Faust* (Virtue & Co.), the scene of the Witches' Kitchen is discussed, and is illustrated by Mr. W. H. Margeson. In other respects the text is unaltered, even to the astounding blunders quoted from "Mr. Wills's masterly translation."

Among our new editions are Professor Mayor's *Thirteen Satires of Juvenal*, with a commentary and notes (Macmillan & Co.), and Miss Yonge's *Scenes and Characters*, illustrated by Mr. W. J. Hennessy (Macmillan & Co.).

We have received *Street's Indian and Colonial Directory for 1887* (Street & Co.); Mr. W. F. Howe's *Classified Directory of the Metropolitan Charities, 1887* (Longmans & Co.); *The Wines of the Bible*, a lecture on temperance by the Rev. C. Bodington (S. P. C. K.); *Lectures on Butler's "Analogy,"* by the Ven. J. P. Norris, D.D. (S. P. C. K.); *Two Native States*, by J. D. B. Gribble (Madras: Taylor); *The Phantom Picture*, by the Hon. Mrs. Greene (Nelson & Sons); *The Lively Poll*, by R. M. Ballantyne (Nelson & Sons); *Chuckles from a Cheery Corner* (Glasgow: MacLaren); and *Glenny's Illustrated Garden Almanac* (Ward, Lock, & Co.).

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